



GREEN^{and} WHITE
1927

Property of -
Walter Hoyer
826 Freeman Ave
Hawthorne, Calif

Remember me
to your many
family friends
Sincerely yours
Gene

Remember me as
an old history class
mate, also geometry and
other miserable periods.
Affectionately
Isabelle Pennington

Hello Walt:-
Another
woman chaser? Also
an athlete. Well Walt,
have a good vacation and
come back with a smile.
Fred Banks '28

When you are married
and have twins,
Come to my flat
for rabbit pins.
Arland Young

Walt -
I haven't known
you very well, but
then we've been so busy
& all we haven't had much
time. Always remember me as
"Posie" in the Opera "Pinafore"
hoping you a had most year. -
your friend
Harry Foster

Dear Walter you never to forget me.
Annie wants for a success.
Best wishes for a truly
Yours Truly
Annie 24.

Go to Weary
at night

Beverly Smith
Control Committee

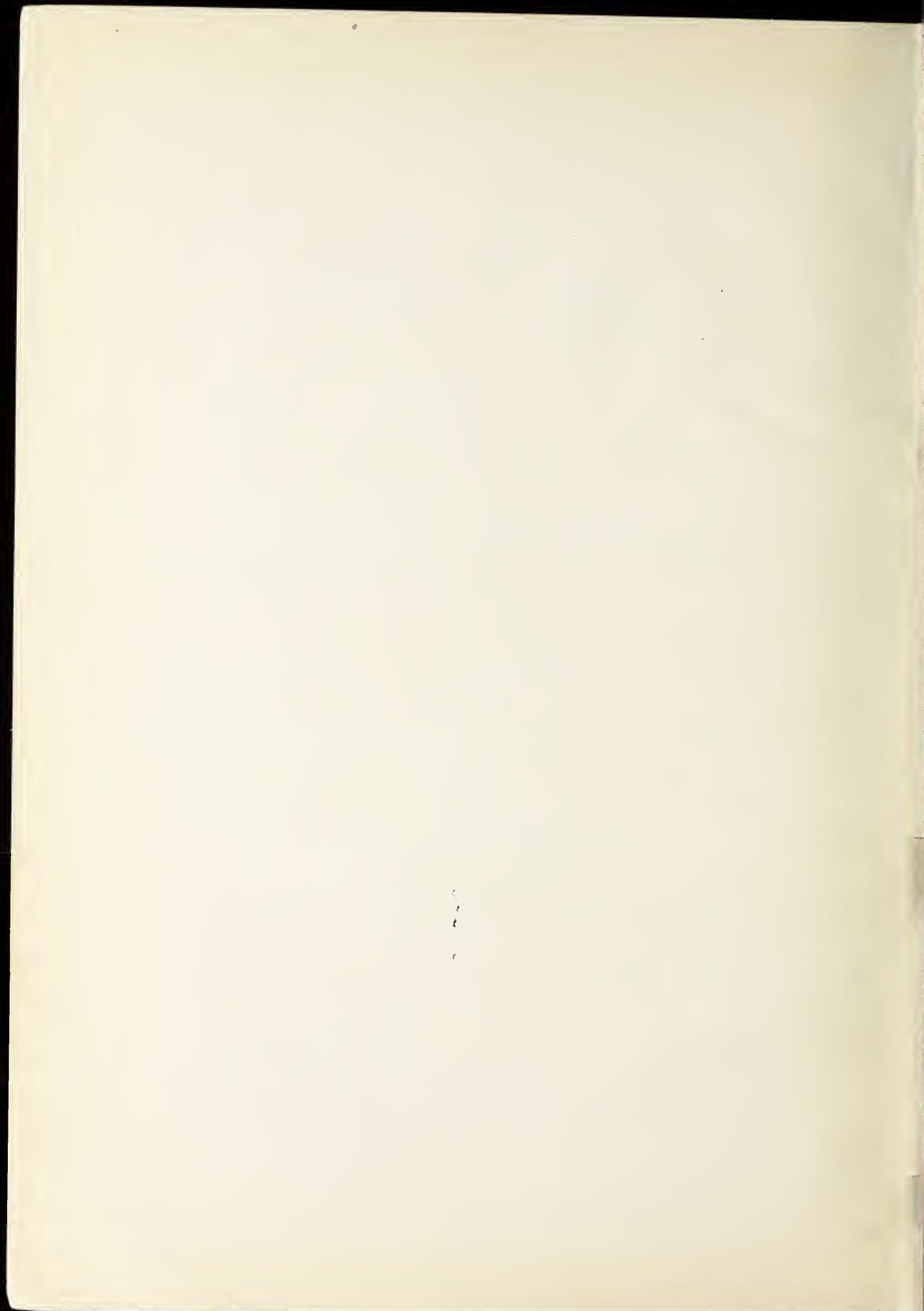
Look to Box

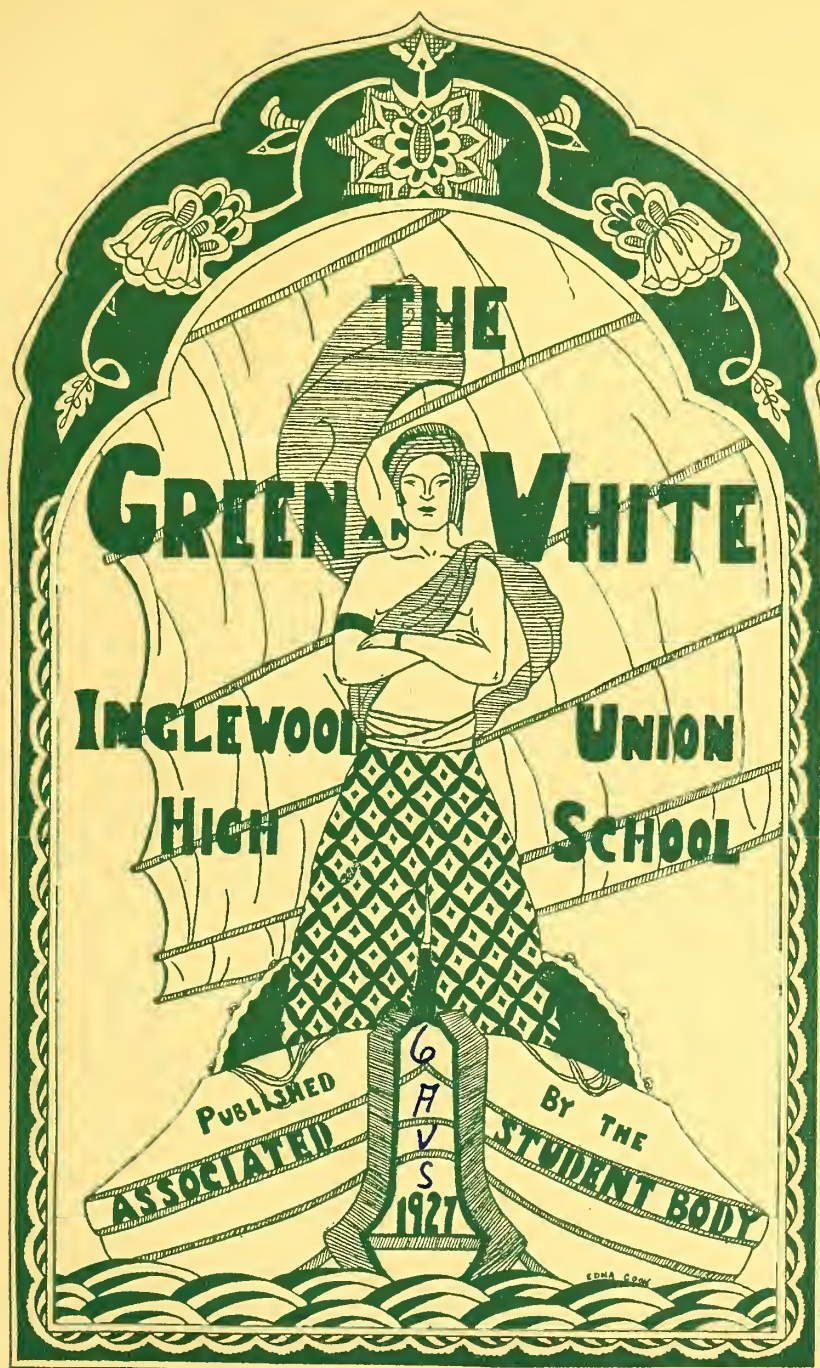
Sharon Pedalen
W. 2. 2.

Walter, I hope to know you better next
year. Have enjoyed having you in my class
for the little while this year. Sincerely,
Lucia M. Hughes

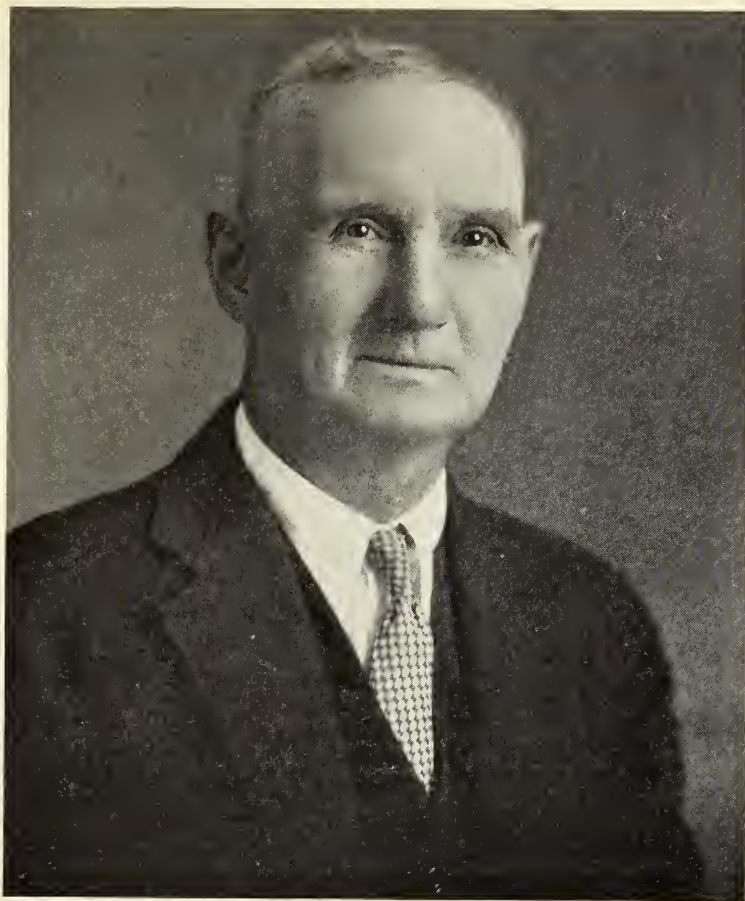
To Walter, whom I did not have the
pleasure of having in class all the
year, but wish I had - for I have
enjoyed him.

Miss Palmer









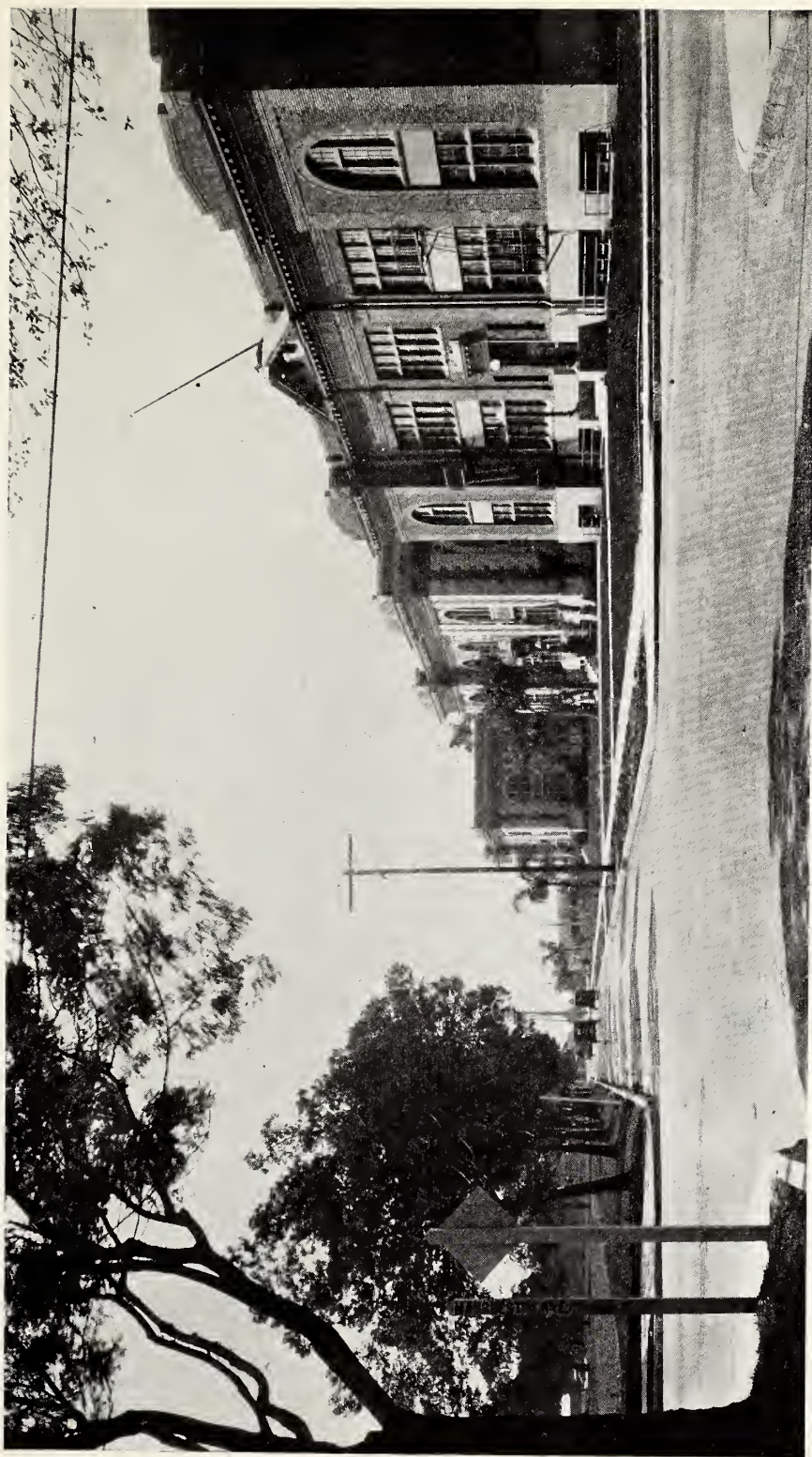
ELMER E. MOSS, *Head Engineer*

To
ELMER E. MOSS

For his loyalty and untiring efforts for I. U. H. S.—
For his sincere, fatherly friendship and interest—
For his willing and cheerful help to all who wish it—
For his kindly jollity and perpetual smile—
We dedicate this nineteenth edition of the
Green and White.



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INGLEWOOD UNION HIGH SCHOOL



GEORGE M. GREEN, *Principal*

1927



TRUSTEES



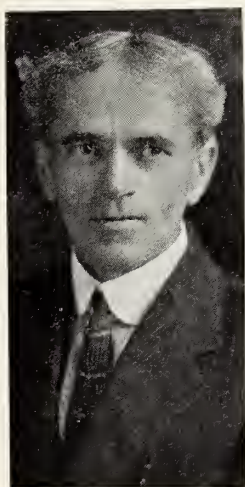
J. L. GILLILAND



R. M. STEVENS



A. LEUZINGER, *President*



L. E. FISH



F. D. PARENT, *Clerk*

seven]



INGLEWOOD UNION HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

1926-27

Principal and Superintendent—GEORGE M. GREEN*Vice-Principal*—MAUDE E. KNUDSON

ART

Queen M. Smith

COMMERCIAL

Karl E. Katerndahl, Hd.

Elva L. Evans

Edith D. Lundstrom

Alice K. Record

Sara J. Scoville

ENGLISH

Stella A. Chappell, Hd.

Roberta Briggs

Beatrice E. Cobb

Grace C. Concklin

Lucile Eade

Narra L. Jones

Bertha R. Lockett

Beulah W. Prante

Ione E. Ross

Beverly W. Smith

Harold H. Story

HISTORY

Nora Preisker, Hd.

Lois D. Ducey

Eslie F. Jewell

Zelma B. Kingsbury

Margaret Niesley

Ione E. Ross

HOME ECONOMICS

Ida E. Sunderlin, Hd.

Mary G. Cooley

Bernice Gange

Vesta M. Slaughter

Grace E. Wilcox

Marguerite Wix

LANGUAGE

Edna F. Foster, Hd.

George A. Crain

M. Zeline Morell

Dorothy P. Williams

Alta A. Witzel

Gladys W. Waddingham

MATHEMATICS

George P. Benson, Hd.

Clara H. Alldritt

Ruth Glenn

Ethel Pearson

Helen M. Tombs

MUSIC

Luella M. Hughes, A. Hd.

Albert F. Monroe

Eva H. White

ORAL ENGLISH

Hazel Rose Lawrence, Hd.

Bonnie M. Palmer

Harold H. Storey

Doris E. Weary

A. Lucile Will

SCIENCE

Floyd E. LyVere, Hd.

Wayne J. McGill

Pauline Pickett

Dorothy D. Pierce

Olive J. Zumbro

SHOP

AUTO SHOP

E. S. Lawrence, A. Hd.

Robert T. Conley

Fred E. McCauley

MECHANICAL DRAWING

W. R. McJohnston, A. Hd.

H. P. Davis

Lewis E. Peters

PRINTING

Fred T. Travis

WOOD SHOP

C. Marion Lyon, A. Hd.

Lewis E. Peters

Jesse E. Yocum

STUDY HALL

Mary Caine, A. Hd.

Ione E. Ross

Edith E. Wells

BOYS' GYMNASIUM

Arthur H. Badenoch, Hd.

Richard W. Arnett

Joe N. Buckmaster

Ivan J. Carey

Thomas M. Gerhart

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM

Mildred M. Strohl, A. Hd.

Elizabeth H. Bartlett

Marian Gray

Augusta Gudmunsen

COORDINATOR

Robert K. Lloyd

NURSE

Alta B. Jenkins

PART-TIME

Esther T. Couch

1927



FACULTY



HISTORY DEPARTMENT
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT
MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT
ORAL ENGLISH DEPARTMENT



LIBRARIANS
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

ART DEPARTMENT
VOCATIONAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT
HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT



PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT—BOYS
 OFFICE FORCE
 PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT—GIRLS
 CUSTODIANS



FLOYD MATSON
Business Manager

DORIS LISLE GREENE
Editor-in-Chief



*Across the hot, gleaming sands of the desert caravans toil.
On the backs of the patient camels a priceless treasure is
borne—attar of roses, a gift from the mystic East.*

*Sweet as this sweetest perfume are memories—memories
of golden hours spent in a golden existence.*

*So we have labored to preserve within this book the
essence of one year of your high school life. In the future,
when your thoughts wander to school days—classes, parties,
entertainments, contests—we hope that here you will find a
clearer outline of your hazy reminiscences. With a sincere
effort to perpetuate memorable events, we present the Green
and White of 1927.*

May the peace of Allah go forth with you.



STELLA A. CHAPPELL
Faculty Adviser

EVELYN MESSNER
12A Girls

BERNICE HAWLEY
12B

ARTHUR LANE
11B

EUGENE BARNES
10B

QUEEN M. SMITH
Art Adviser

DOLORES TEJEDA
11A

NATALEAN
SCHORNSTEIN
10A

BARBARA WHITFORD
9A

EDITH MAY MOORE
9B



1927

STAFF



EUNICE SLOANE
Art

ISAAC TRIMBLE
Cartoons

DUNCAN BINDER
Picture Mounting

RUTH COOLEY
Snap

GLEN ELLIOTT
Printing



JOHN SPEARS
12A Boys



ARVILLA SINGER
Assistant Art



ANDREW GRIFFIN
Cartoons



HELEN HARTSFIELD
Picture Mounting



GLEN ASHBURN
Snap





ELIZABETH
LINDELOF

Dramatics

HARRY SARGENT

Boys' Athletics

MAY WARING

Commercial

DAN HODGE

Metal Work

LOIS CHAPMAN

Music

JANE BADENOCH

Girls' Athletics

ALBERT YOUNG

Boys' Athletics

CHARLES PAXTON

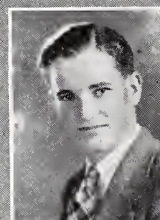
Mechanical Drawing

MYRON CALKINS

Woodwork

ANNABELLA BRIGHT

Society



1927



STAFF

CLINTON HOWELL
Calendar

DOROTHY O'REILLY
Jokes

FRANK SHIPPER
Exchanges

MARGARET
CAMPBELL
Home Economics

CLIFFORD SEIMEARS
Debating



JANET PELPHREY
Organizations



MARY FOSTER
Alumni



MILTON QUINCEY
Jokes



MAYBELLE MILLER
Part-Time



CATHERINE
TOPRAHANIAN
Literary





CLARENCE WHITE, STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT
STUDENT BODY ELECTIVE OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER
STUDENT BODY ELECTIVE OFFICERS—SECOND SEMESTER







SENIOR A

'Way back in the time of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," Tut-Ankh-Amen's popularity, and marathon dancing the present class of '27 entered the life of I. U. H. S. There was not anything particularly unusual about them. They were not the most magnificent group of freshmen ever collected beneath the wing of their Alma Mater, but they were by no means the most green and ignorant. They were not a class that would provoke comment "from sea to shining sea" and receive letters from foreign rulers inviting them to come and spend the winter in a body, free of charge, only to be forgotten six months later. They were none of these things.

They received distinction and achieved excellence in certain lines of sports, notably football, besides producing several masters of debate and bringing honors which might well provoke envy and admiration; but other classes have equalled them in these things perhaps. I. U. H. S. has a record of various kinds of successes that not many classes ever will be able to equal.

There are greater things than fame—temporary fame at any rate. Perseverance is greater; friendship is greater; in fact, almost all the characteristics of this class are greater.

'Twenty-seven's best record is its classmates. They are not through yet, although they have some first places already. They are just starting. Ten years from now—fifteen years from now they will be getting first places.

It is not a case of putting off till tomorrow. It takes longer to build the foundation of a skyscraper than it does of an oil derrick. 'Twenty-seven has been working right along.

This page, however, has lasted long enough.

Now go ahead and look at the pictures of one hundred and sixty-seven first-class—
Citizens!

CLASS TEACHERS

MISS PREISKER

MR. TRAVIS

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	LESLIE HOWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	EVELYN MESSNER
<i>Secretary</i>	TRUE BARTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILBUR BROWN



NORA PREISKER

Class Teacher

RUTH ADDY

*Where have they gone,
Each wavy curl?
Oh, they're tucked up,
'Cause I'm a senior
girl.*

MARY ANDERSON

*An ounce of wit
Is worth a pound
Of sorrow.*

ANITA BALDO

*Nothing is more simple
Than greatness.
Indeed, to be simple
Is to be great.*

MARIE BECKNER

*Conscientious, faithful,
and true;
Kind and loyal all the
way through.*

FRED T. TRAVIS

Class Teacher

HARRY ADAMS

*For fame and fortune
He'll not tarry;
Determination—
That is Harry.*

ORLAND ANDERSON

*A capable
But quiet man;
A thinker true,
Who says, "I can."*

TRUE BARTON

*To doubt her fairness
Were to want an eye;
To doubt her pureness
Were to want a
heart.*

EDNA BERNHARD

*Hers is a spirit deep
And crystal clear;
Calmly beneath her
Earnest face it lies.*





ALICE BLEDSOE

*For modest and graceful
mien,
The like I think I have
never seen.*

ROBERT BRANDOW

*His music charms
His listeners' ears;
His many friends
His presence cheers.*

BERNARDINE BROGAN

*With Irish wit and
Irish eyes,
She takes debaters
By surprise.*

WILBUR BROWN

*An athlete?
Quite right!
A student?
Right, quite.*

ELEANOR CALVERT

*Quiet and modest
In every word.
Often seen,
But seldom heard.*



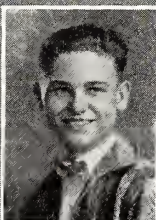
RUTH BOWMAN

*She's so small and fair
And charming
That she captures hearts
Till it's quite
alarming.*



ANNABELLA BRIGHT

*As brimful of
Mischief and glee
As any mortal girl
Can be.*



HERBERT BROWN

Control Officer
Herbert
Brown
*A football star;
A man clear through;
He will go far—
"Success to you."*



HOWARD BUSH

*Debate, football,
Executive,
And basketball
Long may he live!*



MARGARET CAMPBELL

Best Wishes Margaret
*This queen of pride
And power
Looks rather like
A flower.*





MARIAN CAMPBELL

Silence is deep
As eternity—
Speech is as shallow
As time.

HORACE CARTLAND

The student court
Has had as clerk
One who's a sport
And fond of work.

KATHRYN CASHMAN

Free without boldness;
Meek without fear;
Quicker to look than
Speak her
sympathies.

RUTH CHICK

A little lass with
A friendly smile;
Happy and cheerful
All the while.

LLOYD CLEOPHAS

Ed Centimela's
Feature "ed."
He's killed some stories;
They're still dead.

ELLA CARTER

And still they gazed,
And still the wonder
grew,
That one small head
Could carry all she
knew.

HARRY CASE

An author we
Shall see his name
On many books—
To Cash comes fame.

LOIS CHAPMAN

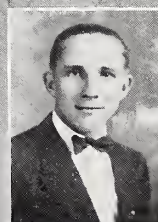
A fair picture
To hang on the
Walls of memory.

HAROLD CLAYTON

A boy who strives
To do his best.
'Tis just such lives
That stand life's test.

ETHELWYN COLE

A calm, quiet girl
In life's busy whirl.





KIRKLAND COMBS

Who "combs" the land
For Kirkland's kind,
Just one such boy
Would ever find.

RICHARD CRAMP

A first-class scout,
A first-class friend;
And one to keep
To life's far end.

JEWELL CROGAN

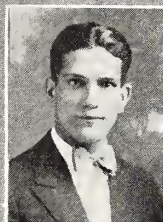
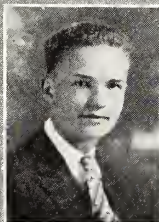
Here is a girl
Who's as nice as can
be;
The boys, I am sure,
Will agree with me.

THELMA DAVIS

Her friends are many;
Her foes—has she any?

GRACE DOTSON

As time passed
And friendship grew,
We found this girl
Real true blue.



EDNA COOK

A smile, a nod,
And a heart—
An actress, a friend,
In all taking part.

EDWARD CRANE

An I. U. H. S.
Guard of fame,
Who's done his best to
Guard her name.

LESLIE DARSEY

'Tis true—a fact
This bard affirms:
"Les" graduates
In seven terms.

ARTHUR DEWEY

An artistic
Boy is Art—
One who always
Does his part.

BERNICE DOUGLAS

Without unspotted,
Innocent within;
She feared no danger,
For she knew no sin.

*Too good to lose
officers. Too bad we
didn't make no more
your friend,
Edna.*



GLENN ELLIOTT

Good printing is
His specialty;
All work of his
Is nice to see.

JACK FAUCETT

Was half in
The student court;
He's always been
The "doing" sort.

EDNA FLATT

A quiet little girl
With a quiet little way.

ISOBEL FRANK

Her modest answer,
Her graceful air,
Show her wise
As she is fair.

EVELYN GALPIN

Her air, her smile,
Her motions told
Of womanly
Completeness.

CLARA EUBANK

A quiet charm
That never ends
Is requisite
In life-long friends.

SARAH CATHERINE FINK

Thine eyes are springs
In whose serene
And silent waters
Heaven is seen.

MARY FOSTER

Her blue eyes sought
The West afar,
For lovers love
The Western Star.

KATHRYN GALLANT

A little mischief,
By the way—
A little fun to spice
Each day.

ELSIE GOW

Working for '27
Day by day,
Steadfast and loyal
At work or play.



That Central Committee



*Remember me as a
fellow sufferer in
oral English
Good luck
Connie*

GRACE GRAEBER

*For nature made her
What she is,
And never made
Another.*

DORIS GREENE

*This book would be,
If titled right,
The Doris Green(e)
And Clarence White.*

ETHEL GRIMES

*Ethel's little,
But she's wise;
You can never tell
By size.*

Patrick Henry's
RICHARD HANSKE

*Patrick Henry's
Gestures free
Helped us to win
Our liberty.*

JAMES HARRISON

*An old-time friend,
And genuine
This boy to all of us
Has been*



CECILIA GRANDON NIXON

*A combination
Of books and fun,
She's a friend
To everyone.*

PAUL GRIGGS

*Football or track,
Never in back;
Never is slack—
That's Paul.*

JOSEPH HADDAD

*Came here in the fall
From a city school;
We're glad he came,
For he's a worthy
tool.*

JESSIE HARCADSTLE

*Absent or present,
Still to thee
What magic spells
belong.*

MILDRED HARTSFIELD

*She's so sweet and neat
To know her is a treat*

*Best wishes
Mildred*



FRANK HAWKINS

A managing "Ed"
With brains in his
head—
'Nough said.

GRACE HEATH

There was a soft
And pensive grace,
A cast of thought
Upon her face.

OTILIA HOEPPNER

Tillie's a pal
And a friend to you
With the kind of
friendship
You'd like to renew.

ALBERTA HOUSTON

Be still, my heart!
Her name, by
Psyche,
Must be divine—
Ah, yes, 'tis "Ikie"!

LESLIE HOWELL

A brilliant student—
An athlete, too.
A humorist bright;
A friend who's true.

"Les" Howell



JOSEPHINE HAWKINS

I wander through
The path of life
With light and happy
tread.

DAN HODGE

Hodge
A writer and
An athlete, too;
And, furthermore,
A friend who's true.

RICHARD HOLLING

"Red" Holling
Red is his hair,
"Red" is his name.
Football and track
Brought him fame.

CLINTON HOWELL

He's full of humor—
College style—
That keeps us laughing
All the while.

DORIS HUNTER

She had no wish
But to be glad;
She hated naught
But to be sad.



KATHALYN HUNTLINGER

What shall I do
To be forever known
And to make the use
To come my own?

ARNOLD JOHN

He knows his ohms,
His amps and volts;
He'll save our domes
From thunderbolts.

LLOYD C. JONES

He has not been
Here very long,
But he has formed
Some friendships
strong.

OPAL KELLEY

Blessed with a temper
Whose unclouded
ray
Can make tomorrow
As cheerful as today.

ZILPHA KIRKLAND

Maiden bashful
Have we here;
Oh, so quiet
And so dear!

AGNES HURRAY

In thy heart
The dew of youth;
On thy lips
The smile of truth.

LUCILE JEHUE

A countenance
In which did meet
Sweet records,
Promises as sweet.

LLOYD W. JONES

At basketball
A shining star;
An athlete far
Above the par.

MARGARET KINNEY

Here's to Peggy,
Who's loved so dear!
In her a friend
Is found, don't fear.

LAWRENCE KOHL

His name is Kohl,
But we all know
His heart ain't black—
Now ain't that so?





ALICE KOONS

A face with gladness
Overspread;
Soft smiles by human
Kindness bred.

ROBERT M. SHEA

Our statistician—
He knows it all,
A politician
We'll oft recall

Robert M. Shea

ROCKWELL LAYTON

No friv'lous thoughts
Disturb his mind,
A wiser sage
You'll seldom find.

ELIZABETH LINDELOF

To find a lass
More dainty or more
sweet
'Twould be a ceaseless
task, we fear.

RUTH LOVE

Every smile a sunbeam,
Every tear a pearl—
They're what make us
love you,
Little senior girl.

MARY LADD

The look composed,
The steady eye,
Bespeak a steady
constancy.

MYRTLE LARSON

Laughing lips,
Big brown eyes
Make this maiden
Lovably wise.

HORACE LEHNE

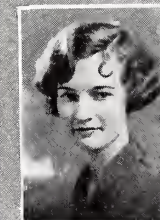
Without defect,
Without a flaw,
This architect
Has learned to draw.

LOUIS LORIG

He plays with vim
On his cornet.
His talent high
We'll not forget.

HELEN MACGREGOR

Not because she's gay
and pretty,
Not because she's
bright and witty,
But because she's
Helen.





RAYMOND MAGEE

Here's Ray Magee—
A stude is hee
In chemistree
Espéciallee.

JO ANN MANGOLD

Her frowns are fairer
far
Than smiles of other
maidens are.

ANNETTE MARR

But so fun! She takes
The breath of men
away
Who gaze on her
unaware.

GLENN MARTIN

He showed Art Smith
And everyone
Just how to yell
In unison.

FLOYD MATSON

Of football fame
He played the game
With might and main
And not in vain.



NEVADA MALKUS

If thought unlock her
mysteries,
If friendship on us
smile,
I walk in marble
galleries,
I talk with kings the
the while.



HARRY MARDER

Harry's been with us
This one short year;
The sort of boy
That knows no fear.



PEARL MARSHALL

Her graceful charm
And sweetness of
pride
Might hide her faults
If she had faults to
hide.



LELA MARVEL

Her air, her manner
All who saw
admired;
Courteous, though coy,
And gentle though
retired.



EVELYN MESSNER

Your pardon, my
friend,
If my rhymes did
offend
Your pardon a thousand
times o'er.





MARGOREE MILES

An unsophisticated miss
I would seem;
In the future she'll be
A movie queen.

*Best wishes
Mellie Millhouse*

MELLIE MILLHOUSE

Frew all our lives
We're goin' to recall
De days when she
Was wif us all.

RUTH MOSER

Nature made thee
A beauteous cabinet
To lock up all the
goodness
Of the earth.

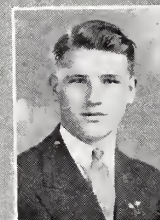
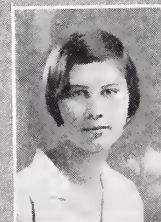
MILDRED MOSES

How glad the day
When first we met.
We shall not part;
We shan't forget.

*Love & Luck
Mildred*

HENRY MUSSER

He sings the lowest
Types of song—
His voice is bass,
You see! So long!



DOROTHY MILLER

For her whose fame
Shall ring through
time,
This should have been
Our grandest rhyme.

VIRGINIA MOORE

I slept and dreamed
that
Life was beauty;
I awoke and found that
Life was duty.

JOHN MOSES

A friend indeed
We have in John;
The school will miss
him when he's gone.

John Moses

GENEVIEVE MUNGER

Brunette! Ah me,
What loveliness!
I'm not a gentleman,
I guess.

HELEN NASE

'Tis sad the camera
Knows no hue,
For Helen's eyes
Are a heaven blue.



VELMA HELEN NORDYKE

Prudence and sense,
A spirit bold and
free,
With honor's soul
United beam in thee.

GEORGE O'CONNOR

A star in basketball
And all;
He never let our
Banner fall.

LUCILLE OLDFIELD

How brilliant and
mirthful
The light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out
From the blue of the
sky.

DOROTHY O'REILLY

Tingling with lively
Melody
From a class of
syncopated
Harmony.

CHARLES PAXTON

Here is six feet two
Of a big blonde boy,
Whose acting all
Of us enjoy.



MARY NYWELIUS

Why, lovely charmer,
Tell me why
So very kind,
And yet so shy?



CLIFFORD OGRAIN

In football Cliff
Is quite a star;
He punts 'em high—
He punts 'em far.



EDNA OLSON

Her beautiful sweet
eyes
Looked out lovingly
On all the world.



HELEN OSBORN

Thine be every joy
And treasure—
Peace, enjoyment,
Love, and pleasure.



HILMA PEARSON

To be efficient
In a quiet way—
That is my aim
Every day.





MILDRED PENN

Nor bold nor shy
Nor short nor tall
But a new mingling of
them all.

LEROY PRIEST

In times to come
When singers sing,
Thoughts of LeRoy
They'll always bring.

MILTON QUINCEY

His hobby used
To be his jokes;
They're now his job—
Feel sorry, folks!

EVELYN RICE

She's lively, peppy,
And musical, too,
And talented so
That she would
surprise you.

GLADYS ROTH

Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare,
Or to be wished in a
woman?



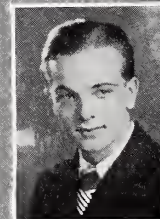
GUS PIERCE

We've known him well,
We've known him
long,
And we have formed
A friendship strong.



HOPE PRYOR

Let fools the studious
Despise—
There's nothing lost
By being wise.



EARL REES

A quarterback,
A whiz at track;
A fine athlete
Who can't be beat.



OPAL ROSE

Thy pathway lies
Among the stars;
We must not hold thee
back.



DONOVAN RUSSELL

A toiler in the
Printing trade,
His work is all
The highest grade.



CALVIN SANDERS

How often we
Have seen his name
"Cal '27"—
Such is fame!

HARRY SARGENT

Wears a smile
All the while
Just because it's
Right in style.

FRANCES SCHWEITZER

And still to her charms
She alone is a stranger.

ELMA SHIELDS

She looks as clear
As morning's roses
Newly washed with
dew.

ARVILLA SINGER

A quiet maid—
There are but few
Who know the treasure
Hid in you.



FREIDA SARGENT

On every feature
Of her face
Sat radiant
Modesty and grace.



FLOYD SCHNEIDER

A friendship not
By years destroyed
We have enjoyed
With Floyd.



CLIFFORD SEIMEARS

Clifford is such a
Good debater
He should be a
Lawyer later.



LINDSEY SIMMONS

If you would like
To learn to swim
You easily can
By watching him.



EUNICE SLOANE

A winning smile
And a winning way,
But never much to say.





UNETTA JAYNE SMALL

*A perfect woman,
Nobly planned
To warm, to comfort
And command.*

JERE SMITH

*Our team played best
With Captain Jere,
And all of them
We're proud of—
very.*

JOHN SPEARS

*His own sweet verse
He had to write.
Could not be worse,
It serves him right!*

WINONA STOCKTON

*For singers bring us
Into harmony
With heaven and with
Thoughts most
heavenly.*

EVALYN SMITH

*How light her air!
How delicate her
glee!
So tripped the Muse,
Inventress of the
dance.*

RONALD SMITH

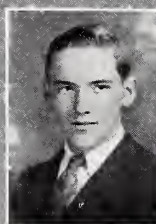
*A lot of fun,
Not overdone;
Athlete A-1—
That's Ron!*

GRACE STEVENSON

*Still she had gentle
Words and smiles,
And all that sweetness
That beguiles.*

ERNESTINE STONE

*Of all the girls
That ever we've
seen,
There's none so fine
As Ernestine.*





IRMA STRATTON

*a friend of yours
to that extent*
Irma hath a beaming
eye,
But no one knows
For whom it beameth.

GRACE SEMINGTON

*Success to that extent
to that extent
Grace Semington
Twins*
For both of them,
They're students true
Whose friendship
We are glad we
knew.

NABEHA THEETGE

There's in you
All that we believe of
Heaven—
Amazing brightness,
Purity, and truth.

RALPH TONE

His prowess in
Athletic games
Has helped our school
Attain its aims.



GEORGIA SYMINGTON

These sisters are
As one, not two;
And so one verse
Will have to do



EDWIN TABBET

A lawyer Duane
Could easily be,
Long may he reign
Forensically.



HAROLD THOMAS

chick
An athlete bold
Of speed untold,
Whose friendship is
As good as gold.



CATHERINE TOPRAHANIAN

In this sad world
There are too few
Who do their work
As well as you.





LEE TRUST

He types so fast
The third line's done
Before the second
Is begun.

STANLEY VOGES

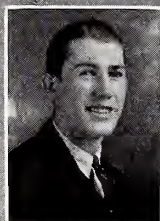
He plays the game
With utmost vim
And makes his
classmates
Proud of him.

MAY WARING

Who works with faith
From day to day
Will find rewards
Along the way.

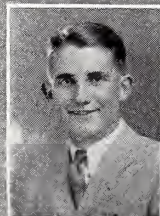
ELIZABETH WHITCHER

A smooth and steady
fast mind,
Gentle thoughts and
calm desires.



FLOYD UMPHREY

This fellow Floyd
We're glad we knew,
For we've enjoyed
His friendship true.



GLADYS WAMPLER

A phantom of delight,
A lovely apparition
sent
To be a moment's
ornament.



KENNETH WATTS

There's no one we
Would rather be
A friend unto
Our whole lives
through.



CLARENCE WHITE

He merited our
Confidence;
He proved the best of
Presidents.

*Floyd Umphrey
L.A.G.P.*

*Good work this year
Watt. Keep it up
"Whitcher"
is*



EMMA WHITE

With thee conversing
I forget all time;
All seasons and their
change
All please alike.

JAMES WHITTEN

A young man tall
Whose basketball
We each and all
Shall long recall.

EDNA WILLIAMS

There's charm in girls,
There's charm in
curls—
Get 'em together,
Your head just
whirls.

ALBERT YOUNG

A business man
Whose business ways
Should bring him
wealth
In future days.



FAYE WHITTEN

El Centinela
Will never forget
Her editore:te
Was Faye, you bet.



ROBERT WILKINS

A man of dreams;
An author, yea,
Whose work shall bring
Him fame some day.



LEWIS WILSON

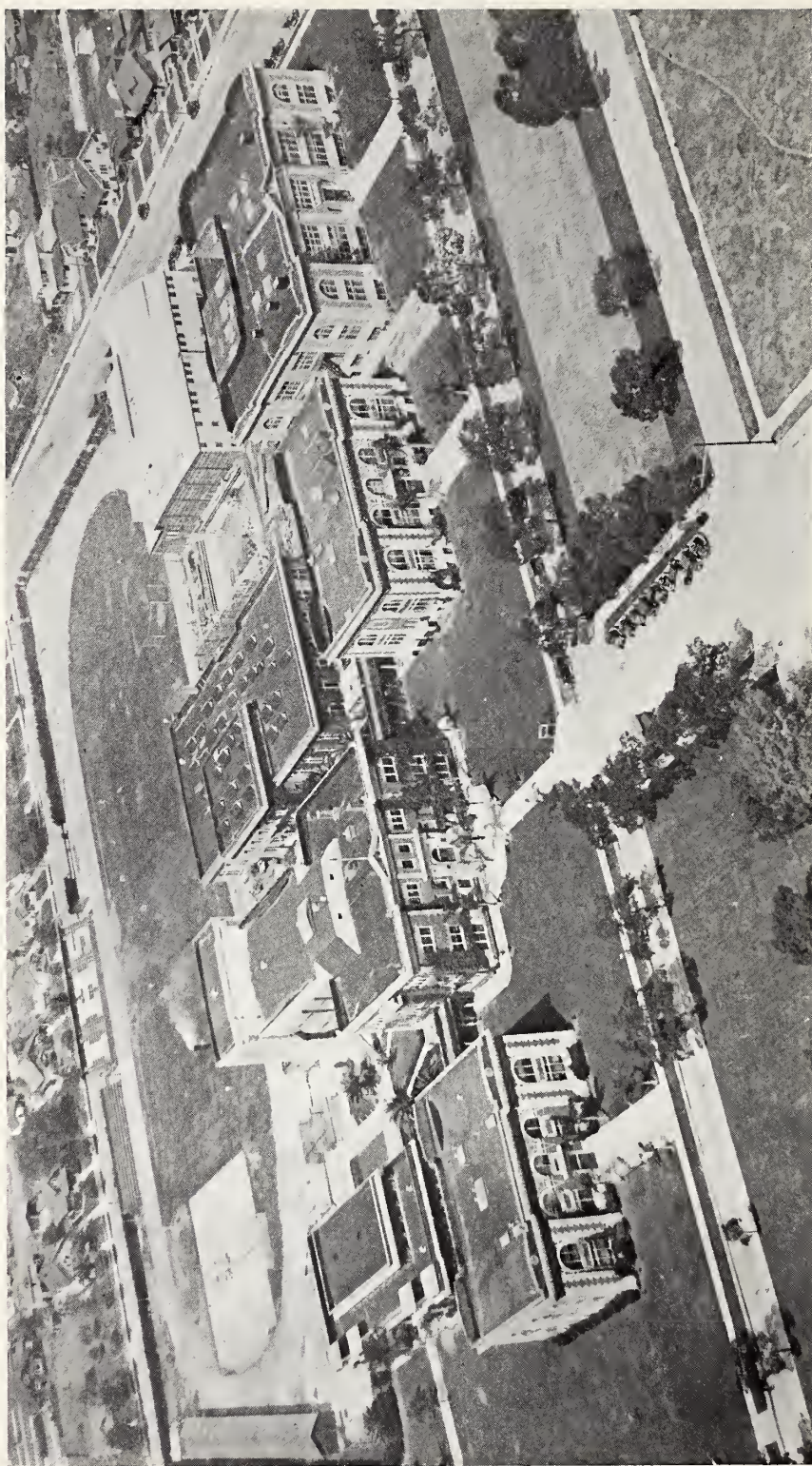
A scientist
Of future fame;
He'll surely reach
His highest aim.



CAROLINA ZOLLINGER

So fair a damsel
Never was before.
How could a poet
Do less than adore?





AEROPLANE VIEW OF SCHOOL







SENIOR B

As our parting days are drawing near, it is not easy for us to say good-bye to "dear old I. U. H.S." She has been the scene, for the past four years, of all our hardships and joys.

We hope that we are partially responsible for a few of the many banners that now deck the walls of our auditorium. Our class has participated and helped in every way possible to bring I. U. H. S. to the front. First of all, we have several faithful members of the Scholarship Society. Our boys and girls are among the foremost athletes of the school. In debating we play a large part. We have members in both the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. In short, there are some of us everywhere.

It is due to the help of our dear faculty and our own "Daddy Green" that our goal is successfully reached. Last, but certainly not least, we owe much that we have shown to the faithful guidance of our class teachers, Mrs. Record and Mr. Lyon.

Our high-school days have gone, and we realize that we have only the foundation of the large building that we must construct. Thus happily, yet sorrowfully, we leave I. U. H. S. with "*Alma Mater*" on our lips.

CLASS TEACHERS

MRS. RECORD

MR. LYON

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MYRON CALKINS
<i>Vice-President</i>	CECIL JORDAN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARIAN FREELAND
<i>Treasurer</i>	GEORGE DRAY



ALICE K. RECORD

Class Teacher

WILLIAM ALBANY

*Our gridiron star
Had many a spill;
Acquired a name,
Which is "Wild
Bill"!*

JANE BADENOCH

*Quite an athletic maid,
She's never very sad;
Considering all, in spite
of
Her name she's not
so "Bad"!*

ELWOOD BELL

*Just a little joke
Makes us laugh
If he gives it.
Good in chem. and
math.*

PHILIP BENTON

*We don't know much
about him
Excepting this one
thing—
A member of the Glee
Club,
And he can sing!*

C. M. LYON

Class Teacher

ARTHUR BADENOCH

*In his father's footsteps
He has a dandy start.
Good in all athletics,
And known as
"Art."*

FRANCES BARTEE

*The girl with a ready
smile,
In studies she left
her mark;
Very reliable and
dependable,
Known as a "history
shark."*

KATHLEEN BELL

*A new member of the
class,
A very lively spark;
All we know about her
is
She likes her pencil
sharp.*

VERA BORROW

*She is our dramatist;
Good in studies, too.
Without her I can't say
just what we would
do.*





EDWARD BUCHANAN

We have a variety;
We're nobody's goat;
For this boy is good
With a gasoline boat.

WILLARD BURCH

Remember Willard Burch
Another shark in the
world,
Of math, and
chemistry;
A worthy spoke in our
Wheel—can't you
see?

VIRGINIA CAINE

Came back to us from
Oregon;
I guess she liked our
sort.
Going quietly on her
way,
And good in every
sport.

FRANK CARROLL

It's not always the girls
Who like home
economics;
Here's a boy who does
And it's not in the
comics.

OLGA CHAPMAN

Very quiet and sedate,
A girl of few words;
Her specialty is making
"ones"
On her report card.



MILDRED BUCKLEY

Always happy as a bird,
She has a dandy
voice;
We can't deny to you
That she's our
choice.

LOUISE BUSH

Quiet and calm
In every way;
This will help her
Succeed some day.

MYRON SALKINS

Our class president—
Radio is his
"Buddy."
A member of the letter
"I."
We all call him
"Tubby."

ELLIS CARTER

He has a twin sister;
Very good in math;
A dandy printer—
Success is in his path.

RUTH CHIDESTER

She's our thriving
typist,
Made a record, too;
Out for making "ones,"
And nothing less will
do.



ROSE COCHRAN

It's a mystery to us
That she can keep
Those bangs of hers
So very neat.

BOB COLTER

In the dramatics play
We would laugh and
shriek,
For we knew the boy
Who was the
"sheik."

RUTH COOLEY

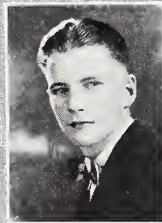
Always having lots of
fun—
She has held the
Judge's seat,
Vice-prexy of the Girls'
League,
And some athlete.

JOHN CRONAUER

A member of the large
Force of Student
Control;
He's new this year,
But plays well his
role.

NORMA DENKLE

A business woman
She hopes to be;
We all do know
Success she'll see.



JEAN COLBURN

When Jean was a scrub
She set high her
mark;
Making many "ones,"
And a chemistry
shark.

RUTH COLTON

She came to us in '26,
We're glad to have
her here,
For we know and
appreciate
A friend so true and
dear.

JANET COOPER

Just like an elephant!
No, not in looks, but
When have you seen
her
Without a peanut?

ISOBEL DEMING

She'd play in sports
Till she was dizzy;
A true, good friend
Known as "Issy."

DOROTHY DES MAZES

Her secret ambition
Is to be something
nice;
If you don't succeed
once—
Try it twice.



HARLEY DOW

*A very queer sort—
Quiet for a boy,
With his perseverance
He'll bring joy.*

CHARLES DUNSON

*We're proud of him
'Cause he's our
drummer.
A good student
And control officer.*

EDNA ERICKSON

*She's a true friend
Willing to teach,
With her ambition
All heights she'll
reach.*

ALICE GILLESPIE

*She's a quiet girl—
Never says a word.
As good a violinist
As we have heard.*

GERTRUDE GROEPPPEL

*She is our debater—
An argumentative
art;
We know she will
succeed
Because she has her
start.*



GEORGE DRAY

*Once our president,
Now our treasurer,
Small but mighty—
A good debater.*



GERTRUDE ENGEL

*Here from Manual—
We hope to stay;
She does her work,
And then her play.*



MARIAN FREELAND

*The best to be had
Along her line—
Our fond secretary,
And she is fine.*



PAULINE GOINS

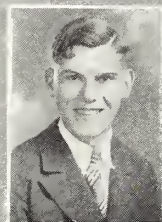
*She hopes to be a
teacher
Of the younger set,
So, you see, she'll teach
Our children yet!*



ARLAND GROVER

*In the dramatics play
He did very well,
If practice makes
perfect,
Soon he'll be swell!*

*Arland
Grover*





HELEN HARTSFIELD

Another loyal member
Of the "Red-headed
Clan"!
A very good student,
An artist? Yes,
ma'am!

BERNICE HAWLEY

She's a "whiz" in
mathematics;
She's a "shark" in
science, too;
She's been our clas-
prexy,
And there's little she
can't do.

ESTHER HILLS

She has a high
ambition—
We hope she will
succeed
In swimming the
English Channel,
Time is all she'll
need.

CECIL JORDAN

Cecil is an A-1 friend,
He's good in every
line—
Debater, orator, student;
And we all like him
fine.

MURIEL KOLLMER

Prexy of the Girl's
League—
An auditor we need;
If you do not know
her,
You've missed a
friend, indeed.



LATIMER HARTSFIELD

A very quiet boy,
But, you will
perceive,
He does his work well:
Keeps nothing up his
sleeve.

EDWARD HAYES

A queer ambition
For a boy without
curls
To write out the names
Of non-uniform girls.

ELEANOR JOHNSTON

She wants to be a
teacher—
We know she'll do
well,
For she's good in studies
And does everything
swell.

GRACE KEMP

A very capable pianist;
Always on the spot
For a little program;
Usually seen with
"Dot"!

RAYMOND MACHA

Ray likes basketball
On a winning team;
When he goes to
college,
We shall hear of
him.



Irish
IRENE MALONE

When you look at her
You can see it in her
eyes—
She's out for lots of
fun
And like a good
surprise.

CATHERINE MCCOY

She's the busy sort—
Always has a smile;
Does her work well,
And busy all the
while.

*just a friend
James Metcalf*
JAMES METCALF

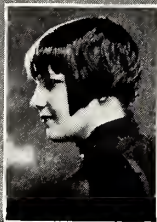
When he blushes
In that red sweater,
There is no difference,
None, whatever!

Frances Munro
FRANCES MUNRO

A jolly, friendly girl
With never a worry;
We're glad she came
And hope she isn't
sorry.

FERDINAND NEIMAN

He has an eye
For a real hot
sweater;
None of us
Can do better.



MARGARET MCCONACHIE

Not so long ago
Thought we'd lost
this gal,
But she came back to
us,
And now we have a
pal.



WILLIAM MERVILLE

From a city school
He comes to stay
Studies at the right
time,
And then he'll play.



ELIZABETH MILLER

She's been with us
These short years
four;
Without this friend
We'd all be poor.



JOSEPH MUNYER

Has lots of pep;
Can lead a yell;
In our class meetings
He does very well.



CHARLES NIX

Good in basketball
For the smaller boys;
Has helped bring
Inglewood
One and many joys.





NANCY PARENT

Always doing her bit
To help someone
out;
A very good student
And a dandy scout.

JOHN PATTON

A member of the
orchestra,
Playing well a drum,
If you can beat him,
You're going some.

DORIS POLLOCK

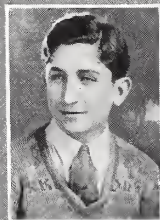
Doris is a quiet girl—
A smile and a word
From her makes you
feel
As if you were a
bird.

THEODORE RAMENDECK

It's not always the girls
That are the wiser,
For this boy is
Our attendance
supervisor.

MARGARET REISCHL

A conscientious girl,
Doing her work well,
When asked what she'd
like to do,
She couldn't tell.



ELIZABETH PARROTT

A new member—
She is not petty;
We like her best
By name of "Betty."

VERA PICKLESEIMER

A worth-while friend
We've found her to
be,
We hope that she
Has come to stay.

IVANNA PORTERFIELD

Although she's new to
us,
We like her very
well,
She's a dandy journalist,
Success she'll
spell.

EDWARD REEBIE

Ed likes the workshop
Under Mr. Lyon;
Does very well—
Never quits trying.

STANLEY RUGGLES

It's a puzzle to us
That a boy so small
Can have the brains
Of a boy so tall.



GLENN SAULVESTER

He'll make a business
man;
He's started on his
way,
Working in the Navy
store
And going to school
by day.

DOROTHEA SCHNEIDER

Another friend from
Manual—
A girl we all do like.
If you do not know her
Just ask (———)!

CAROL SKINNER

She's not been here
So very long;
She passes the day
By singing a song.

WILPEN SLADE

He is a mechanic
For his little car,
If yours needs help,
He'll fix it par.

DOROTHY STEANS

Although she's just
arrived,
We like her very
well;
When we get
acquainted,
We'll like her better
still.



FRANK SHIPPER

Was our president
In the junior year,
He likes swimming—
Oh, that curly hair!

TUDU SHETARA

A real sport girl,
Good in every one,
She wants to be a
nurse,
Which won't be fun.

EUGENE SKINNER

Although they have the
same name,
Carol is not his
sister,
But if you must know,
He's just a new
member.

EVELYN SMITH

A common name,
But an unusual girl.
Did you ever see her
hair
Without its curl?

MIKE STEPONOVICH

Known over Southern
Cal.
For his football
work;
He's really very, very
good—
And he's no shirk.

*Best wishes for
the future
Frank Shipper
Shipper
Love*

*Love
future
Mike
[forty-seven]*



JOSEPH STERNAD

He's our orator—
We're proud of him;
But all along, you see,
We knew he'd win!

ALFRED SUSSMAN

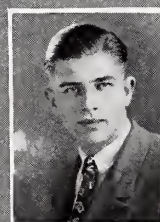
Al's a true friend—
One we all do like;
He did very well
In this high school
strife.

HARRIET VILAS

If you know her
You aren't sorry—
A real, true friend,
Known as "Harry."

JESSIE WALTERS

The sort that likes
To do typing best;
Good along that line,
And enters the
contest.



MARTHA STEPHENS

Martha is our song
leader,
Good along that line;
She's been with us four
years,
And we like her fine.

RICHARD THOMPSON

Founder of "Pep
Club";
If you can beat this
boy,
Take as many solids
And express as much
joy.

DOROTHY VOLK

Just a very tiny girl,
Always on the spot,
Helping whenever
needed—
Her name fits her—
"Dot."

VELMA WEBER

Velma's been with us
Only this one year;
A very quiet girl—
We're glad she's
here.



ROBERT WELLS

*Just give him a problem
That you can't do;
Before you can think,
He'll hand it to you.*

HAZEL WESTWORTH

*You should have seen
her
At our class party;
Dressed up like
A regular smarty.*

AMY WILLIAMSON

*We know well
That her word
Is advice
Of the good.*

RONALD WOOD

*During our first year
His yells were of the
best.
He always puffed us up
With life and zest.*



SPENCER WELLS

*He likes chemistry;
Has a queer pastime
Of laboratory
assistant—
He says it is fine.*



GERARD WILKENLOH

*He came to Inglewood
From old New York;
So he's kept that name
Right from the start.*



MARY WISE

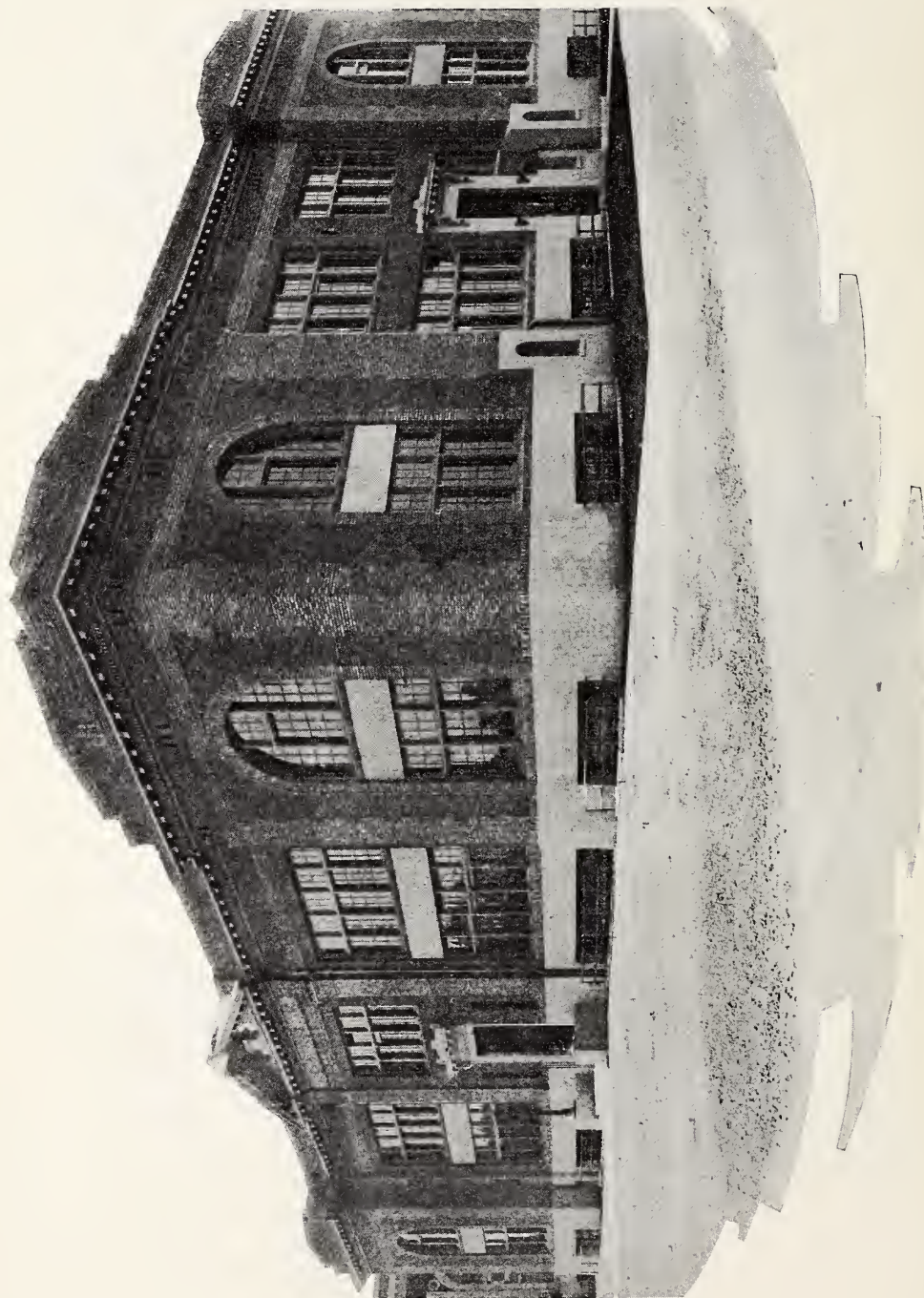
*What does her name
Suggest to you?
A happy time
And pleasant view!*



ADA ZILLGITT

*She can lead a song—
She can sing—
She will try to do
Most anything.*





FINE ARTS BUILDING







JUNIOR A

Disclosing Life's magic crystal, the veil of Time was softly and slowly drawn by the benevolent hand of Fate, and before our wondering eyes appeared the history of our beloved I. U. H. S. In the dim background in misty array came the classes of by-gone years—yes, classes gone but not forgotten. In the foreground appeared the enterprising student body of 1927, and a little to the rear, but claiming attention because of its acknowledged worth, was the class of '28, known as the 11A's in the life of the school.

"What has this class done to merit our attention?" asked one doubting Thomas.

"See and be convinced!" the prophetic voice of Fate answered, as she waved her hand and disclosed the past of this junior class.

Soon the disbelief in the skeptic's eyes changed to wonder, then respect, as he saw the proofs of the class's determined attempts to be worthy of the school. Through the grey mantle of mist we gazed enraptured at the crystal and its revelations.

In the athletic activities for both boys and girls we saw that the juniors were appreciably represented. Husky football players and swift, eel-like swimmers mingled with basketball and track stars. The names of well-known boys figured prominently in the boys' activities, while the girls also did their best toward the advancement of girls' athletics.

Blending with the ardent endeavors toward success was the happy fun which these boys and girls always managed to enjoy. The silent watchers caught a trace of this merry spirit in the glimpse of the annual class party. Sturdy, overalled boys and quaint, gingham-dressed girls moved merrily by Destiny's magic globe.

Through the foggy mist stalwart figures bore a banner depicting the goal toward which the members of this class have always striven. And their efforts were not in vain; for the records showed a large representation in the Scholarship Society, where some of these students have held official position.

We then beheld how in other ways this class had striven for recognition. Helpfully aiding, these boys and girls had joined other organizations of the school, where their presence and support were acknowledged and appreciated.

Then, as the magic crystal grew dim, we wistfully strained our eyes, wishing to see what the future held for this promising class. But kindly Fate, with the wisdom born of ages, gently but firmly grew back the concealing veil of Time.

CLASS TEACHERS

MRS. SMITH

MR. ARNETT

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	FRANK BOOTH
<i>Vice-President</i>	LULA CUTHBIRTH
<i>Secretary</i>	LUCILLE BUTLER
<i>Treasurer</i>	VERUS GMUR
<i>Song Leader</i>	JAMES BARNES

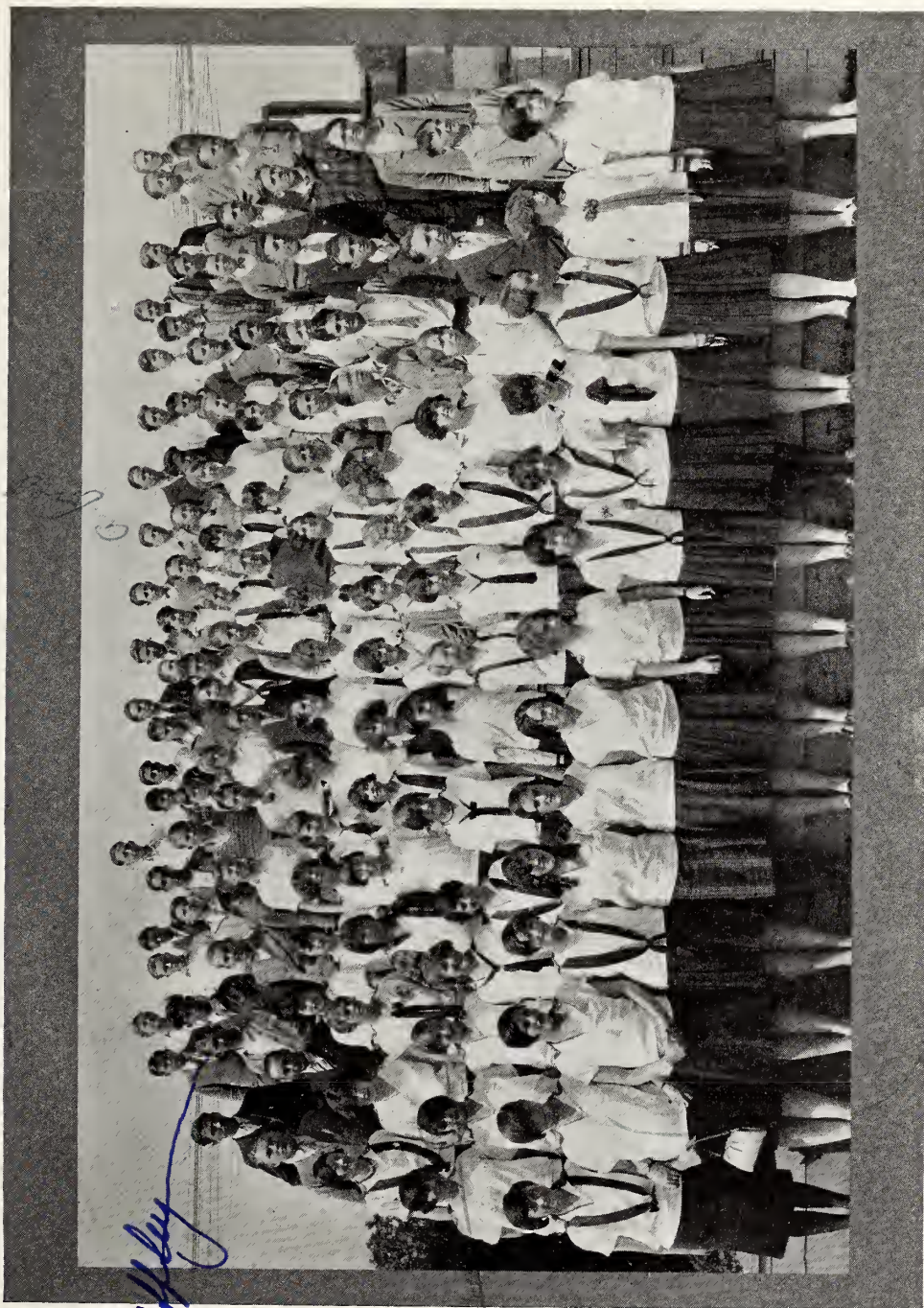


11-A GIRLS
11-A BOYS

1927



JUNIORS



11-B

Walter Diffley

Elizabeth M.

fifty-three]



JUNIOR B

If there is anyone in this region who earnestly desires to take leave of this world and enter into the mysterious portals of death, to be taken to the torrid place or the place of bliss, comfort, and eternal joy—very well, so be it. Let him merely proclaim that the present 11B class is composed of slackers and backsliders, and a turbulent procedure of extermination will immediately take place in which the aforesaid individual will be the object of participation, and after the trampled remains are circumspectly put in a little, black rectangular box—but enough of that.

Slackers! Who with any sense of justice can say that the 11B's have ignored athletics? You can see their names all over the place, and there are those who have just entered athletics and have not had a chance to make a name for themselves. Consider the games in which they have had and are having an active part—football, baseball, basketball (don't forget that!), swimming, track (don't forget *that!*), and tennis. Then how about social activity? There are the orchestra, the oratorical contest (don't forget that!), and the House of Representatives, besides other interests. In short, the 11B's are no backsliders in social activities; their representation in the Scholarship Society is another persuasive argument against that. They do not claim to be social lions, but they stand up well when social activity is taken into consideration. They may be slickers or base-sliders, but slackers and backsliders they are not.

It can be truthfully said, also, that when the studious members of this class attack a difficult lesson in earnest, they usually master it. If one saw one of these diligent knowledge-chasers gritting his hair, tearing out his teeth, clenching his feet, and stamping his fists, one could be certain that the lesson would be conquered in the end. But, aside from all jest, in the year and a half left for the 11B's it is hoped and fully expected that they will increase their fund of knowledge and, during their remaining school life here, profit by their past mistakes.

Well, after the lapse of that year and a half the present 11B class will be far advanced in their senior term, with only a short time intervening before they face the world. But that is another story. Wait till next year, as old Euclid said when he began on his theorem about the square on the hypothesis of a right triangle. Meanwhile, don't be discouraged; where there's a will—there's usually a lot of relatives.

Nevertheless, as Napoleon said at Gettysburg, "Don't fire till you see the whites of the eggs," and Patrick Henry at Waterloo, when his battleship sank, "Don't give up the rowboat!" Long live the 11B's, the class of '29; they're all right, and they can all write. May each die a natural death, if they ever die at all.

CLASS TEACHERS

MISS JONES

MR. KATERNDAHL

First Semester	CLASS OFFICERS	Second Semester
ROBERT WEEKS . . .	President . . .	BRUCE WEATHERHEAD
CHARLES COYLE . . .	Vice-President . . .	DUNCAN MCALPINE
ELIZABETH MOON . . .	Secretary . . .	VALLERIE THURESSON



SOPHOMORE A

Gee, Mom, that pie's good. D'yu care if I have another slice? What d'yu say? I'm not supposed to talk with my mouth full? Well, gosh, you're the only one that can understand me when I do, and I'm in an awful hurry!

This is the last game of the season, and the sophomores always do turn out. We sure have some keen teams this year, too—no fooling, Mom; boys and girls both! Let me see, there's basketball, tennis, football, water polo, swimming, track, an' everything. You ought've seen when the kids got their letters; they were mighty proud, I'll bet. One thing, you can't say us sophomores haven't done our part. Why, some of the basketball teams were almost all sophomores, and they're good in other things, too.

Did I ever tell yu how our party came off that night? Yu know the time I rushed off so early to meet Bill and didn't eat hardly any supper? Well, it was some blowout! Even Mr. McGill, our class teacher, was dressed like a tramp! He made a good one, all right. Then there was a bunch of kids who gave a program. Talk about talent—we're not so dumb! They danced and sang and played, and two of the fellas done some acrobatic stunts—regular vaudeville stuff. I was afraid they'd kill themselves every minute, but they come out of it smiling without even a scratch. Some guys are just plain wonders! We played games after the program, and it was swell fun. The teachers ran around like kids; you'd never thought they were teachers. And say, the things we had to eat—yum! Cookies, candy, lemonade, and ice cream. We didn't starve, that's a cinch! It was almost 'leven when it quit. The party sure was the cat's whiskers! It wouldn't 've been so good if there wasn't the music and stuff. Lots of the sophomores belong to Bella Musica—that's the music club—and there's all the other clubs they belong to, too, like the Spanish Club, the Latin Club, and all the other clubs they can get into, I guess.

Golly! I didn't know I'd been talking so long, but when I once get started I can't seem to stop. Now I'll be late sure—and suppose I can't find the rest of the fellas!

What did yu say about me having the big head? Well, really, Ma, my head isn't so awfully big—and you've got to admit that we sure have the class!

CLASS TEACHERS

MISS SLAUGHTER

MR. MCGILL

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	NINA MAY LEWIS
<i>Secretary</i>	ARTIMESIA WILSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSEPHINE PELPHREY
<i>Song Leader</i>	PAULINE WOODYARD
<i>Tell Leader</i>	MIKE CERRITO



10-A GIRLS
10-A BOYS

1927



SOPHOMORES



10-B GIRLS
10-B BOYS

fifty-seven]



SOPHOMORE B

Broadcasting over radio station I. U. H. S.!

Greetings and good cheer, friends of radio and school-land. I'm announcing in the honor of the class of "'30," the sophomore "B's."

Two years ago a band of freshmen turned their faces toward higher education, little realizing the difficulties they would have to surmount to reach their destination. Those freshmen had spent eight years in elementary school, and you can imagine with what eagerness they entered into the high school spirit, spurring ever onward to their goal.

Some of those entering have found it necessary to break the line and set out alone. We were sorry to lose even one of our little band, as it weakened our ranks; however, you may be sure that our good wishes follow them wherever they may be or whatever they may do.

A still eager and determined band of these students became sophomores, absorbing the rules and ideals of those before them; also setting standards for those behind to follow. The boys distinguished themselves in track, football, basketball, and water polo, as well as in scholarship.

Among the boys that have gained prominence through athletic prowess the names of Carlin Matson and Williard Livingston stand out to swell the record for the 10B's. Both have received letters in football, and Matson has been a member of our famed class D basketball team this season.

The girls, too, have been loyal and active supporters of their class and school, excelling in scholarship, going to games, and entering with a will into the Girls' League, Control matters, and artistic endeavors.

Among the "fair" of our band whose names are recorded on our roll of honor is Irene Goodson, who had the leading role in the annual school opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore." Katherine Howlett and Katherine Bartlett are members of the Girls' Athletic Club, and Katherine Howlett also is a winner of her letter in tennis singles.

Our class party, sponsored by our two class teachers, was a happy success. Miss Will and Mr. McCauley did their utmost to make it a success.

The festivities were made particularly enjoyable by the novel, grotesque, and exceedingly clever costumes worn by all those attending. There were tricks and turns of a ghostly nature that took us all by surprise, and each roll call room presented appropriate skits and sketches that brought forth hitherto unknown talent and accomplishment. The orchestra was voted the best ever, from the grand march to catchy fox-trots and waltzes. The spirit of the entire evening was one of fun and frolic; even "Ma" and "Pa" undertook a lively pillow fight, blindfolded and all.

It was a real old-time Hallowe'en costume party—apples, doughnuts, popcorn—oh, you should have been there! Perhaps you may be another time.

Sophomores are signing off now for the year "'27," to be heard again in "'28" as juniors.

Don't go away, folks!

CLASS TEACHERS

MISS WILL

MR. MCCAULEY

CLASS OFFICERS

President

CARLIN MATSON

Vice-President

BETH GILLILAND

Secretary and Treasurer

LILA ELAM



FRESHMAN A

In September, 1926, a crew of three hundred and eighteen embarked for a four years' cruise on the good ship "Nineteen-Thirty."

The seas have been rough occasionally, and at times even storms have been encountered, but the casualties have been few. At present the sailing is comparatively smooth.

Under the competent and friendly guidance of our pilots, MISS PRANTE and MR. YOCUM, the crew have endorsed the appointment of the following officers:

Captain	ROBERT EUNSON
Mate	DONALD LIVINGSTONE
Supercargo	MAYBELLE FINDLEY
Paymaster	VERNA LEE
Coxswain	RICHARD TONE

The crew, being musically inclined, appointed to direct their efforts Marjorie Latham and Bonnie Jane Bellamy as pianist and song leader, respectively.

Many of the sailors are particularly well endowed, both physically and mentally, some being members of the various athletic crews, and others of the Scholarship crew.

Many of the girls have played on different teams and shown themselves to be greatly interested in athletics. In both volley ball and basketball their teamwork has been excellent, although lacking in experience. Among the girls are Thais Van Norman, Edith Hart, Ruth Badenoch, Anna Cutbirth, Leona Wills, Kathryn Bartling, Mabel Johnson, and Nina Schaubauer.

Upon the men of every crew rests the honor of upholding its name in the athletic world! Many of the boys have gone out for sports and proved themselves to be true athletes. "Nineteen-Thirty" wants all its crew to work with the idea of developing in themselves honor and integrity.

Some of the football men were J. Bowden, W. Bowler, M. Cooley, J. Stawicki, E. Sargeant, D. Clithers, P. Stem, R. Boyd, and N. Dix.

Among those who have played on other teams—water polo, track, basketball, and baseball—are W. Crooks, D. Paxton, R. Campbell, R. Foster, and W. Stouffer.

A "hard-times" party, held March 18th, was one of the most successful which ever has crossed the I. U. H. S. sea. At eight bells there was a grand promenade in which the "hardest" costumes ever seen were reviewed. Rags and patches of all colors and sizes were conspicuous. A short entertainment was enjoyed. Games were played and prizes were awarded the winning groups. Refreshments which carried out the St. Patrick's idea were next on the program, with balloons and caps as favors. A chariot race concluded the first of the "Nineteen-Thirty" parties.



9-A GIRLS
9-A BOYS

1927



FRESHMEN



9-B GIRLS
9-B BOYS



FRESHMAN B

"Freshmen! Rah! Rah! Rah! Freshmen!" That's the cheerful, noisy blast of sound that the upper classmen hear when the "freshies" have a class meeting or an assembly, or when something particularly pleases them.

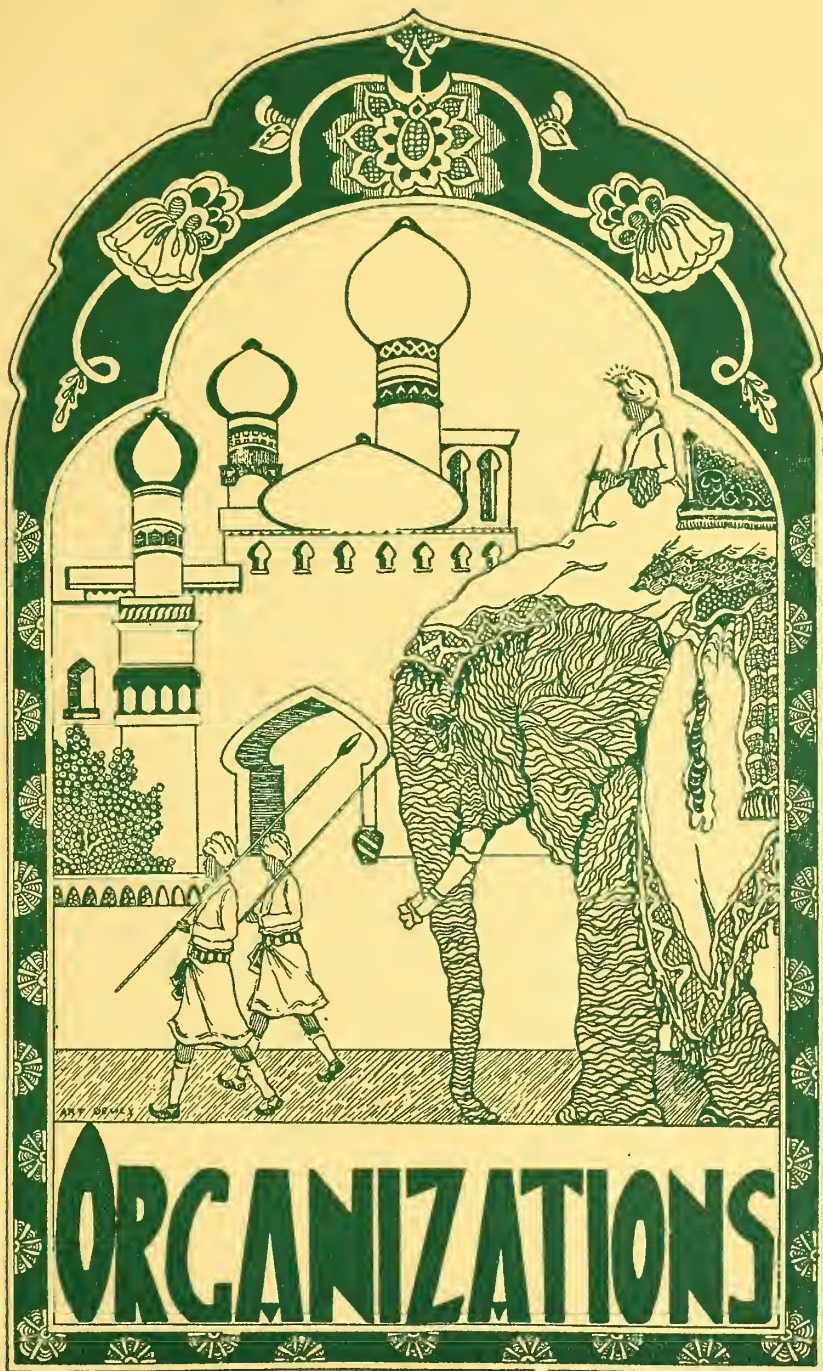
Have you noticed that the freshmen are not as stupid as they used to be? They used to sit around waiting for some senior or junior to call them "scrub" or something very similar, then thinking it a very great honor to be the one they picked on. But now times have changed. The "freshies" are joining clubs, athletic teams, music, the Scholarship Society, and about everything else they possibly can.

During the oncoming years these freshmen are going to break any previous athletic records. They are going to elect a Student Body president and a Girls' League president out of their group. When they are seniors they are going to have the best senior play ever staged in the Inglewood High School auditorium.

The freshman class teachers are MRS. COOLEY and MR. DAVIS, and they are kindly giving us freely of their much-wanted advice.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	EDWARD GIBSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	NOBLE CRAIG
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SIMMS
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY REEVES







STUDENT BODY

1ST SEMESTER

President	CLARENCE WHITE
Vice-President	KATHALYN HUNTZINGER
Editor of Green and White	DORIS LISLE GREENE
Editor of El Centinela	ARTHUR SMITH
Girls' Judge	MARGARET HANNA
Boys' Judge	GEORGE JOHNSON
Auditor	MURIEL KOLLMER
Pianist	MADALIN SCHWIMMER
Song Leader	PEGGY KINNEY
Yell Leader	BILLY SHAW

2ND SEMESTER

President	CLARENCE WHITE
Vice-President	LESLIE HOWELL
Editor El Centinela	FAYE WHITTEN
Girls' Judge	RUTH COOLEY
Boys' Judge	HOWARD BUSH
Auditor	MARIE BECKNER
Pianist	DOROTHY O'REILLY
Song Leader	PEGGY KINNEY
Yell Leader	FRED BANKS

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.

—Daniel Webster.



As a result of an entirely new form of government, of which the Control Committee, the Student Body Courts and the House of Representatives form important parts, this has been the most successful year I. U. H. S. has experienced, in that we, the students, are more industrious, more loyal, and more illustrious than ever before. We are sitting on the top of the world and have not the slightest notion of falling off. We are proud of our dear Alma Mater, proud of our faculty, proud of the machinery that runs I. U. H. S., proud that each one of us is a part of that machinery; in short, we are proud of the whole splendid year.

The Student Body is quite despondent at losing so many valuable members — meaning, of course, those hoary-haired seniors who did so much to carry on the work of the government. However, casting all nonsense aside, they have done more than their share for I. U. H. S., and we are intensely grateful to them. Nevertheless, there are other promising A's and B's coming upon the stage, and if the prophetic new Student Body prexy has anything to say, these will carry on as did their predecessors.

But we are slighting the under-classmen. Their enthusiasm and helpfulness are not so retiring as to be easily overlooked. They are just as loyal and just as willing as the upper-classmen, and, furthermore, although not as dignified in their actions, they do their share in running I. U. H. S.

Concluding, we may say that we have not yet reached our goal, but we are steadily, surely climbing, and "knowledge is power."



STUDENT BODY CABINET—SECOND SEMESTER
 GIRLS' COURT OFFICIALS
 BOYS' COURT OFFICIALS
 STUDENT BODY CABINET—FIRST SEMESTER



Girls' League

<i>President</i>	MURIEL KOLLMER
<i>Vice-President</i>	EVELYN VELARDE, RUTH COOLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY O'REILLY
<i>Treasurer</i>	NANCY PARENT
<i>Business Manager</i>	MARGARET HANNA
<i>Song Leader</i>	PEGGY KINNEY
<i>Pianist</i>	MADALIN SCHWIMMER

The Girls' League, second largest organization in I. U. H. S., closed a highly successful season with its annual Hi Jinks, a costume party given over entirely to fun, frolic, and a hilarious time.

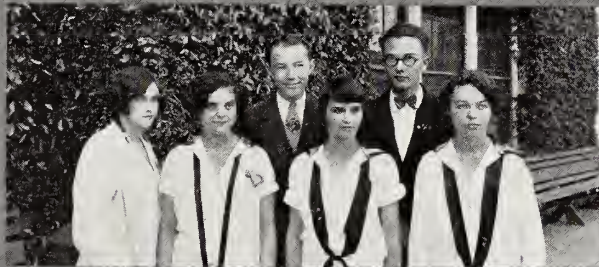
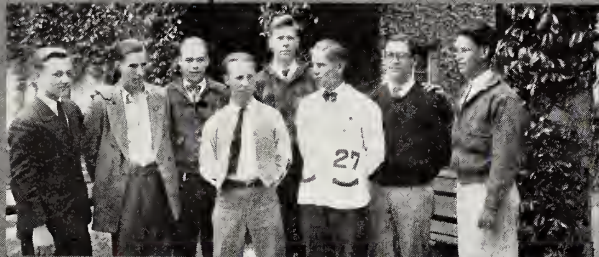
Parties seem to be one of the girls' specialties, for the two "Big Sister" affairs, in which each new girl receives an upper-classman as her very own big sister to guide her through the trials and tribulations of her first year, proved to be just as interesting as ever, with novel programs, delicious refreshments, and a dance in the "gym" afterwards.

Not all the time is spent at merry-making, however. During the year the girls made considerable money selling candy at plays and games, thus enabling them to give their yearly donation to the kiddies at the Orthopaedic Hospital.

The fall convention of the Girls' League of Southern California was held at Monrovia, and the spring convention at South Pasadena. At these meetings the representatives of the various schools discuss their problems, exchange ideas, and, as girls always do, enjoy themselves.

This year our League had as its principal speaker Sara Wise, a doctor of twenty years' experience, who spoke to the girls on "Making Good."

Now another year has ended. Old girls have gone and new ones will come, but the Girls' League is always here—as strong, as friendly, as useful as ever.



SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY CABINET—SECOND SEMESTER
STAGE CREW
SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY CABINET—FIRST SEMESTER
GIRLS' LEAGUE CABINET AND OFFICERS



Scholarship Society

1ST SEMESTER

<i>President</i>	LESLIE HOWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	GEORGE JOHNSON

2ND SEMESTER

<i>President</i>	LESLIE HOWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	JANET PELPHREY

An awakened interest in the Scholarship Society has resulted in an increase of membership, there now being more than one hundred and thirty enthusiastic members. Each class has an adviser, who is elected by the members of that class in the society. The adviser's duty is to inform his class of new rules and changes that have been made, to strive to promote better scholarship by advice and suggestion, and to urge the members to attend scholarship meetings.

Henceforth, all scholarship honors will be awarded in a Student Body assembly in order to create a general interest.

The society's color is gold, its motto "Scholarship for Service," and its full cognomen "California Scholarship Federation." Its aim is to promote scholastic development, not in studies alone, but also in athletics and all-around good studentship.

Of the several social events, which included a theater party at the Granada, viewing "The Winning of Barbara Worth," the first annual mid-year banquet, and the mammoth June banquet, the last proved the most successful and was a glorious affair.

This year has been a splendid one for the society, and as it draws to a close, we wonder if the next could be more successful.



STUDENT ATTENDANCE SUPERVISORS
CONTROL COMMITTEE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—SECOND SEMESTER
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—FIRST SEMESTER



Girls' Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	MARGARET HANNA
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH COOLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	JO PELPHREY
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	GRACIE MAE SNYDER
<i>Treasurer</i>	NAOLA JONES

To become a member of the G. A. A. a girl must earn five hundred points by means of "after-school athletics." At the second conference of the G. A. A. of Southern California it became known that our Athletic Club is the only one with this high requirement—a requirement which creates an interest above the average in athletics.

It is becoming a custom in I. U. H. S. for the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Clubs to have a banquet each year—the boys to be the sponsors one year and the girls the next. This year the girls entertained at one of the most successful banquets of its kind ever given in the school. We hope to make such an affair a tradition.

A social end has been added to girls' athletics. After each season a "spread" is held, attended by members of the club and teams, with games and refreshments and a great deal of frivolity. The girls are much indebted to their advisers, the "gym" teachers, for this idea and many others.

After a hectic two weeks of choosing school teams, the girls were packed into three yellow busses, at eight o'clock on May 7, and transported to Redondo for their Annual Play Day.

Inglewood had the most girls present of all the schools, and every one had a wonderful time. Although we lost the posture parade, we won enough games and events to bring our average to the head.

As the last event on the program, each school gave a stunt. This was an idea introduced this year, and as it proved to be popular with the girls, it will probably remain as a regular feature of Play Day.

G. A. A. has passed a successful year, and we hope the ones to come will be just as happy, friendly, and wonderful.

Letter "I"

<i>President</i>	JERE SMITH
<i>Vice-President</i>	EARL REES
<i>Secretary</i>	ALBERT YOUNG
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILBUR BROWN

All the lettermen of I. U. H. S. are members of the Boys' Athletic Club. The captains of all school teams make up the board of directors. This organization is very quiet to all outward appearances, but occasionally Letter "I" explodes with a bang! and we learn what a snappy club it is.

1927

Ruth Donald



ORGANIZATIONS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
DEBATE SQUAD
BIG I CLUB
INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATERS



FORENSICS

Inglewood Union High School had a rather unsuccessful forensic season during the year 1926-27 so far as victories were concerned, but an unusually large number of students received platform experience in the various events of the schedule. The splendid turnout for the debate squad at Inglewood caused considerable comment by coaches and teachers of other schools. The squad was captained during the first semester by Evelyn Velarde, W'27, while Dwain Tarbet, S'27, was elected to the office for the second semester.

The school participated as usual in both the Bay League and the Southern California League schedules in debating, and was prominent in the administrative work of each organization, holding the treasurership of the former and the secretaryship of the latter. Several outlaw debates were also held during the season, and two or three discussions under the auspices of the Southern California Forum Federation, in which Inglewood held the office of secretary. The debate squad and teams were under the direction of Mr. Harold H. Story.

Oratory, under the able coaching of Miss Lucile Will, assumed a place of greater importance than ever before in Inglewood this year. The season included two local contests, as well as participation in the annual events of the national Constitutional contest and the Southern California League contest.

The calendar of the year's forensic events follows:

NOVEMBER 20: Kathalyn Huntzinger and Dwain Tarbet won the first Southern California League debate against Manual Arts at Manual by a unanimous decision of the judges. They upheld the negative of the proposition: Resolved, That all inter-allied war debts should be cancelled. Nancy Parent was alternate.

JANUARY 13 AND 14: Not such good luck this time. The debaters were handicapped by the illness of their coach until a few days before the first Bay League contest. The event was a simultaneous debate with Compton on the proposition: Resolved, That all war debts of the European allies to the United States should be cancelled. At home on the night of the 13th the Inglewood affirmatives, Naola Jones and Dick Thompson, lost by a three-to-nothing decision. The following afternoon Lucille Butler and Arthur Smith, on the negative side, were defeated by a two-to-one decision at Compton, but Arthur Smith was adjudged first-place speaker. Alternates were John Spears and Lucille Mayo.



FEBRUARY 11: Bernardine Brogan and Dwain Tarbet, arguing on the affirmative of the proposition: Resolved, That the high-school diploma should constitute a sufficient credential for admission to the state university, lost a unanimous decision to Santa Monica on the home platform in a debate which was much closer than the vote of the judges would indicate; the decision greatly disappointed the large audience of Inglewood rooters. Nancy Parent was alternate.

MARCH 8: The first annual Thrift Oratorical Contest was won by Joseph Sternad over six competitors. The event was sponsored by the People's Building and Loan Association of Inglewood, which has given a handsome perpetual trophy cup to bear the name of the winner each year. Ernest Lebaker took second place.

MARCH 25: The final Southern California League debate netted Inglewood another defeat, at the hands of Glendale. Since both schools were out of the championship running, they agreed to make the affair a simultaneous argument to enable the coaches to put as many inexperienced people as possible into the game. The proposition was: Resolved, That all foreign nations should surrender their extra-territoriality rights in China. Bernardine Brogan and Cecil Jordan upheld the affirmative at home, while Kathalyn Huntzinger and Frances Schweitzer were on the negative at Glendale. Both Sentinel teams were defeated. Alternates were Helen Kightlinger and Ruth Kincaid.

APRIL 7: Ernest Lebaker won the home try-outs for the Constitutional oratorical contest.

APRIL 22: In the district Constitutional oratorical contest at San Pedro Ernest Lebaker failed to place, although some judges rated his speech very high.

APRIL 29: Final Bay League debates took place, with Nancy Parent and Lucille Butler on the affirmative against Huntington Park at home, and Dorothy Miller and Earl Norton on the negative against Woodrow Wilson high school at Long Beach. The proposition was: Resolved, That the use of the installment payments of credit to the present extent is an economic detriment to the country.

As THE GREEN AND WHITE goes to press, orators are in training for the first annual extemporaneous contest (a home affair for which the Scholarship Society is providing a trophy), for the Redlands University declamation contest on May 14, and for the Southern California interscholastic oratorical contest, which is being held on May 27 in the Hollywood Bowl.



Los Bulle Bulles

First Semester	OFFICERS	Second Semester
DOLORES TEJEDA	<i>Presidente</i>	JANET PELPHREY
JOHN SPEARS	<i>Vice-Presidente</i>	MILDRED HARTSFIELD
JANE BADENOCH	<i>Secretaria</i>	DOLORES TEJEDA
GEORGE JOHNSON	<i>Tesorero</i>	ESTELLE CROCKER

If any club ever had interesting meetings, it is certainly the Spanish Club. At the Christmas meeting a Mother Goose skit was given in which the "old woman who lived in a shoe" gave out her "children," and the Three Wise Men presented their gifts. In January a farewell party was given in honor of the departing seniors. So it has been throughout the year—an entirely different program each time: Spanish valentines, hot tamales, etc.

The initiations are highly entertaining. The members-to-be are forced to give speeches in Spanish, act in pantomimes, give plays, eat terrible food, or do anything else that the onlookers deem torturing enough.

The annual banquet, which was entirely in Spanish (including menu, decorations, speeches, and program), was one of the events of the year.

Blateronians

<i>Praeces</i>	RUTH ADDY
<i>Pro-Praeces</i>	MADALIN SCHWIMMER
<i>Ecriba</i>	ELLA CARTER
<i>Quaestor</i>	HORACE CARTLAND
<i>Nuntius</i>	UNETTA JAYNE SMALL

One of the most interesting things about the Latin Club is its initiations, which are as terrible and horrible as could be imagined by the students of old Roman days. There is one each semester, and they are long remembered by the poor victims.

A special event of this year was the gathering at I. U. H. S. of delegates from the Latin Clubs of Los Angeles, Long Beach, Manual Arts, and Glendale High Schools for the purpose of discussing the different clubs and giving each other suggestions and ideas.

A most successful affair was the Roman banquet in May, which was carried out in Roman style, with everyone in Roman costumes (togas, flowing draperies, etc.) Slaves waited on the guests, who declared the dinner an elaborate function and an enjoyable one.



*A friend
club's mate
Diana
O' + 1*



PEP CLUB
LATIN PLAY CAST
LOS BULLE BULLES
BLATERONIANS



Forum

<i>President</i>	DWAIN TARBET
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES SCHWEITZER
<i>Secretary</i>	CECIL JORDAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	LUCILLE BUTLER

Although the Forum is very small, consisting of about fifteen members, any one of its body is perfectly capable of arguing on any subject with any person for any amount of time. This is a result of the requirement that a member of the Forum must have served on an inter-class or inter-scholastic debate, or on an opposition team to an inter-scholastic debate. Also one who has represented I. U. H. S. in the oratorical contest is eligible for membership.

The prime interests of the club are oratory and debating.

Pep

<i>President</i>	DICK THOMPSON
<i>Girls' Vice-President</i>	PEGGY KINNEY
<i>Boys' Vice-President</i>	CLARENCE WHITE
<i>Custodian of Pep</i>	FRED BANKS
<i>Chairman of Publicity</i>	RUTH LOVE
<i>Treasurer</i>	MADALIN SCHWIMMER
<i>Secretary</i>	NELLIE MILLHOUSE

Pep, the baby of all the I. U. H. S. clubs, was organized by Dick Thompson, Peggy Kinney, Joe Munyer, Madalin Schwimmer, Nellie Millhouse, and Fred Banks for the purpose of putting on rallies, arousing interest in games, and encouraging all student activities.

There are now two divisions of the organization—the fourth-period club and the fifth-period club. Each has its set of officers, who cooperate with the officers of the main club.

During the year rallies have been put on and yell practices have been held on the bleachers. A spectacular serpentine was staged before the El Centro game.

This is a very young club, but it is growing, and its influence is spreading as the months fly on. It is to be hoped that it will prosper and flourish. More power to Pep!







LITERARY

The aim of the English department of I. U. H. S. is to teach its pupils to read write, and speak the English language correctly. In carrying out this ideal it is required of every student that he write a specified number of formal compositions to be handed in and corrected.

It is from these themes written regularly by the English classes that the articles for *Literary* are chosen. The best and most original of the themes receive a red check in an upper corner and are laid away until spring, when they are read and reread in an attempt to select those for publication.

And what a task it is to make a selection! There are poems and prose articles, long and short, gay and tragic. Because there is so little space in which to publish the themes, the shorter ones have been chosen to show in some small measure one phase of the work of the English department as it progresses from day to day.

Aunt Molly's Story

The log in the great fireplace rolled back with a thump and sent a cloud of smoke and sparks flying up the chimney. We jumped and then laughed. After a story of buried treasure lying—perhaps at one's feet—ready and waiting to be carried away, a sudden and unexpected noise is apt to startle anyone.

"Can't you tell us any more about it at all, Aunt Molly? Is that all there is to it?" we asked.

"Well, it's all I happen to know about that particular treasure, but if you like, I can tell you something that might interest you two."

"What is it? Tell us, please, Aunt Molly."

"All right. This whole thing happened when we first came to California, some fifty years ago. Your Uncle Bob and I bought this place then, as you know, and until your people could get settled, they stayed here with us. Your great great Grandma Woods was living then, and she stayed with us, too. Of course you don't remember her. She was the most fun-loving little person of her age I have ever known.

"On the nice moonlight nights we would have up some of the Mexicans, and they furnished music with their violins and guitars while we danced. One evening during a lull in the dancing old Tony caused quite a sensation by telling us the story of the treasure, much as I have given it to you. The older folk only laughed, but we younger ones made the most of it.

"Why did Tony tell of it if he were so sure it existed? Well, Tony was too old to do much treasure-hunting by that time, for he must have been past ninety then. He had devoted considerable amounts of his time toward its discovery in years gone by, and neither he nor anyone else had been able to locate it.

"As time went on and our own little treasure hunts came to nothing, we gradually lost interest. Then, too, Frank and Tuckie, two Japs who were working for us, couldn't seem to get along very well together. Bob didn't want to fire either of them because they were such good workers. Finally, however, things grew so bad that Tuckie told Bob that he was leaving that morning, and asked for his wages. Bob paid him in gold as usual, and Tuckie went to his shack to get his belongings.



He must have had them all ready to go before, because he had gone, bag and baggage, within fifteen minutes.

"While all this was going on, Grandma Woods and I went out walking in the garden around the house. She loved flowers dearly and liked to be near them, but she was so lame that she couldn't tend them herself, and we were too busy; so Frank was appointed official gardener, and he spent a good part of his time there. On this morning, however, Frank had been sent to take Tuckie's place in the fields 'over back'; so we had the garden to ourselves.

"As we turned and started around a corner of the house, I caught sight of something shiny in between two loose bricks where the plaster had been knocked off. Of course we both were curious to know what it could be. I managed to work a brick out, and imbedded in it I found a little tin box. The cover was very shiny, and it was that which had attracted our attention.

"Grandma laughed and said that I must have found my treasure after all, but she was more serious about it than she had been for some time. I pried the lid from the box with a stick, and—what do you suppose we found there?" Aunt Molly stopped, and her eyes twinkled.

"What?" we asked in unison.

"Gold, of course. Haven't I been telling you about hidden treasure all evening?"

"Yes, but you didn't really find any gold, did you? Why haven't we ever heard of it before? What did you do with it?"

"Well, grandma and I nearly fainted, ourselves, when we saw it. We didn't call anyone to tell them about our wonderful discovery, because we wanted some fun out of it, too. So we replaced the brick and took the money into the house to plan and await developments. On counting we found we had just two hundred and fifty-two dollars. Grandma suggested that we wait until everyone was home before we broke the news. I agreed.

"Grandma was seated by her favorite window in the kitchen, peeling apples, while I stirred up the batter for an apple dumpling. Suddenly she said, 'Look, Molly, here comes Bob. What can have happened? It isn't time for him yet, is it?'

"Just then he appeared at the door with a most disturbed look on his face. 'Say, Molly, Tuckie's left. Has he been around the house anytime this morning?'

"'Not that I know of. Why?'

"'Well, Frank's been robbed!'

"'Robbed!' Grandma and I said it at once.

"'Yes, and he thinks Tuckie is the guilty one.'

"'When was all this?' Grandma asked.

"'He left this morning, and I sent Frank "over back" to take his place. I paid him this noon, and just a couple of minutes ago he came and told me.'

"'How much did he have?' I asked. I could hardly speak.

"'About two hundred and fifty, all gold, I think.'

"Grandma looked at me, and I looked at grandma. 'Where did he keep his precious hoard?' she asked. She couldn't talk much better than I.

"'I couldn't quite make out, he was so flustered about it. He said it was somewhere around the house here. That's why I wondered if you'd seen . . . Say! What ails you two, anyway? Can't you show any sympathy for that poor fellow? Do you know anything about this?'



"Grandma and I were laughing so, we could hardly speak, but grandma gasped, 'Do we know anything about it! I guess we know more than most folks around here. Tell Frank to come here.'"

"Bob gave us each a bewildered look and was gone. I went to my room after the money.

"Frank was the happiest Jap in Southern California that day, I do believe, when I counted it all out to him, piece by piece, and told him how we had found it. He vowed and declared that he'd never leave it anywhere but in our safe after that. He had thought it safe in the wall, because he could keep an eye on it while working in the garden. He hadn't counted on being sent 'over back' on the same day Tuckie took it in his head to leave."

"And you didn't get to keep your treasure after all," sighed Anne.

"No, but it wasn't *the* treasure anyway, you know. *That* treasure has never been found."

CATHERINE TOPRAHANIAN, 12A

The Spirit of the Gypsy

Has the spirit of the gypsy
Ever caught you unaware,
And you found yourself a-wishing
You could only go somewhere?

Has China ever called you
To her dragons' gilded gold,
To her mysteries and her temples
Filled with Buddhas, still and cold?

Surely Spain with all her sunshine
And her señoritas fair,
Has made you wish all o'er again
That you were only there.

Columbus was a gypsy
If history tells us true;
He satisfied his longing
As any man would do.

Everyone's a gypsy,
And it's only nature's plan
To make and have attractions
For the merest kind of man.

I'm a gypsy, you're a gypsy,
All the world's the same—
Wander, wander, here and there,
And back from whence we came.

ARTHUR DEWEY, 12A



Scared to Death

Plodding along through the mud, which was a good twelve inches deep and which squashed around my shoetops and oozed through the eyelets, I mentally cursed the foolishness which had prompted me to attempt going out on such a night. My car had been left a mile or so behind me, its rear wheels sunk to the hubs in some more of the same mud which was causing me such annoyance, and I had been forced to leave its somewhat bleak shelter and strike out along the country road, looking for a farmhouse or deserted barn where I might spend the night. As I left the familiar little car, I had a sense of loss. It seemed the only friendly object in all that desolate spot. But I buttoned my coat more tightly around me, turned up my collar, and with my cap pulled down and my hands in my pockets trudged wearily along the deserted road. To add to my discomfort the rain began to pour down. It dripped from my cap and trickled in icy rivulets down my spine.

About a mile farther on I came to a hedge of cypress trees, lining the roadside. They loomed in the darkness ahead of me like so many giants, and twisted and swayed in the wind as if trying to uproot themselves to pounce upon me. The moaning sound which came through their branches sounded like a groan of despair. As I passed them, the wet branches of the nearest one slapped against my face. I shivered either from cold or terror, perhaps both, and hurried on, only to be met with a sight that momentarily paralyzed me with fright. I had come to an old deserted graveyard, and the mouldy, crumbling headstones gleamed white in the darkness and leered at me in mockery, as if saying: "Why should you fear us? It will soon be your turn!" The graves were sunken, and great tufts of bunch-grass had sprung up around the tombstones as if Nature were doing her best to efface the pitiful monuments of those whom she had long since taken back to her own cold heart.

As I gazed in horror and with what I blush to admit was a somewhat superstitious awe, I heard faintly a soft footfall behind me. It came nearer—nearer—louder now, and I felt my heart die within me from sheer terror. I stood transfixed. I would not look back; I could not go forward. After an eon of fearful waiting for I knew not what spectral horror of the night, I closed my eyes and stretched my arm behind me. My hand encountered a clammy body!

I have no excuse for what I did. I offer none. I have a confused remembrance of a piercing shriek rending the air, which must have come from my own throat, and of myself hurtling madly down the road, my coat-tails flying, unmindful of the mud and rain, oblivious of everything but the awful, unearthly Thing that was pursuing me with such dogged persistence.

After what seemed miles, but could not have been any great distance, I espied a light which had suddenly flashed into view from behind a tall tree. It appeared just in time to revive my fainting senses. It meant shelter and people—warm, living bodies, and not some spectral apparition. It meant safety from this horrible Thing which was still at my heels. In a last frenzied burst of speed I reached the farmhouse and flung myself at the door. It was opened by a kindly-faced old farmer who, upon seeing me, said, "Why, come in, stranger. It's a bad night to be out." And then to the Thing behind me: "No, you stay outside, Shep; you're too muddy to come in!"

MILDRED NORTON, 11B



A Mysterious Visitor

It was early morning, although the very faint light which the dawn was beginning to cast hardly pierced the cold, mysterious, black gloom of the heavy fog. Not the least sound was heard from the sleeping world which soon would be buzzing with activity. The fog made even common, ordinary objects seem ghostly, and the silence lent an air of mystery.

This silence was suddenly broken by a machine which came racing down the street. It turned the corner on two wheels and with a grinding of brakes came to an abrupt stop in front of a large house. The car had hardly stopped when a man jumped out. Carrying a small, white bundle, he stealthily made his way up the walk of the house. As he silently approached the porch, his manner became even more mysterious. Noiselessly he went up the steps. After carefully laying down the little, white bundle which he carried, he turned and as silently as possible hurried back to the car. Immediately the motor was started, and the car went on its reckless way. Soon only the low hum of the motor of the quickly disappearing automobile could be heard in the distance.

Silence again descended upon the street, only to be broken a short time later by a woman opening the door of the house which had been so mysteriously visited less than an hour before. She immediately noticed the small, white bundle lying on the porch. As she gently picked up the wee, cold object, she exclaimed, "Thank goodness! The milk is here on time for once."

ESTHER VAN VLEET, 10B

Boats

Have you ever sat upon one of the little hills around San Francisco and watched the ships glide gracefully by? And as you watched, did a longing creep over you to be at the helm of one of these craft? If you have not, go, I bid you, to the hilltops.

The ferry boats ply energetically back and forth, temples of the god of service. They are the magic carpets of the Arabian Nights with all the real romance. An ocean liner plowing through the waves, throwing them aside with a disdainful motion, makes its way to the open sea, leaving a troubled and surging wake in which the smaller craft dance like leaves in a vagrant breeze. Yachts glide by like huge swans, graceful white-winged creatures, the spirit of all that is beautiful.

You may have the good fortune, as I did once, to see a windjammer with all sails set. From the bowsprit to the main peaks sails were spread, catching every errant breeze. As she bowled along with a swelter of foam under her bows, she looked like a great gull sailing before the wind.

An element of pathos enters the picture—an old ship tied to an unused wharf, her period of usefulness over. Probably she was one of the famous clippers built in the days of "wooden ships and iron men." Yes, when I see a ship a-sailing out to sea, then a wanderlust seizes me, and I long to possess a yacht, a schooner, or any craft that will carry me far away. To be carefree and footloose, to visit lands and people unknown—these desires arise in me when I see a ship sail forth on a path of gold into the heart of the sunset.

EARL REES, 12A

eighty-one]



My Job of Being an American

To stand and sing with all my might,
To raise my voice on high,
To lift my hat with spirit bright
When the flag is passing by—

Hurrah! the red, the white, the blue,
Three colors brave they are;
To them will ever I be true—
The flag with many a star.

To clap and clap when such a name
As Lincoln e'er is spoke,
To listen well to all their fame,
To cherish all those folk—

To watch a hero fight and fall,
For right to always stand,
To answer "present" when the call
Peals forth o'er all the land—

But more, Oh! more—for I must strive
To live as best I can;
To do my best will I contrive
To be an honest man.

To love my country and my home,
To live and work with zeal;
And from it I will never roam
But at its feet will kneel.

To keep at all times my respect,
Myself I must not rob;
On no one, then, must I reflect;
All this—it is my job.

TRUE BARTON, 12A



Tom-toms

He was the sort of man that fascinated women. One knew instinctively that this human being had seen more than his share of life. He was lean and tall, with an intelligent, bronzed face that carried a scar across one cheek. His blue eyes were always on guard, as though ready to mask themselves at the slightest warning.

He had traveled the globe. He had heard the low throb of tom-toms, the tintinnabulations of temple bells, the roar of wild beasts in a dense forest. He had smelled the must in the tombs of long-dead kings, the reek of filthy humanity in crowded places, the heavy perfume in the hair of a dark-eyed woman. He had seen many things.

Now he, Rufus Lebaston, had come home—to London. This was his refuge. Adventure might beckon an imperious hand, but afterwards here he could come, worn and satiated with experience, to find rest. Sometimes the thought of further wandering nauseated him, but the lure always returned. It was like tasting of the lotus blossom.

He let himself into the apartment which he had retained for years in the quiet hotel where they knew him as Mr. Smith, a traveling salesman. They didn't remotely connect him with Lebaston, the great adventurer.

It was a glorious day—a day for romance, something that Lebaston could never resist. So he went out to find it. He strolled through the park—a mere city park, but a lovely little place with green grass studded with mayflowers.

Suddenly he espied a young girl reposing daintily upon the ground, her back against a hoary old tree. She was a very pretty girl, but she kept her eyes demurely upon the book in her lap. While he was deciding how best to approach her, Fate decided things for Lebaston. He had walked quite close to her, keeping his rapt eyes on her bent head. The old tree maliciously thrust out a twisted root, and mysterious Rufus Lebaston tumbled ignominiously at the lady's feet. They stared at each other stupidly for a moment; then the girl burst out into tinkling laughter and Lebaston, somewhat breathlessly, followed suit.

After a good laugh, he said whimsically, "Y'know, I'd been trying to decide how to meet you, and I really believe this is the best way. So informal and all that! I suppose I should apologize."

"Oh, don't! Then I should have to, too, for laughing at you."

"Then let's dispense with it. May I introduce myself? My name is Rufus Lebaston."

"Delighted! My name is Heloise Stanley," the girl replied.

"Pardon me for not rising, but that would only necessitate returning to this position, so—."

"Of course."

So the great Rufus Lebaston, the man who had seen a thousand beauties and remained unmoved, fell in love with this unsophisticated little girl-woman. They were married hardly a month after they had first met.

For two years Lebaston remained content with his Heloise. Then the old restless urge returned, the urge to explore, to travel. Cities that he had seen rose before his eyes—strange temples, twisted streets, iron-barred balconies. He fought against this mania desperately. "For her sake," he muttered. He thought of the white strands of a savage-infested island.

But Adventure won out. He told Heloise one night, explaining gently and in detail about his past, how that gypsy life had called him again. When he had



finished, her young face was set and white, but she sent him off, saying, "If you ever need me, come back. I'll be here."

Lebaston gloried in his new freedom. He almost forgot his wife in the renewed joy of living in a different environment. He settled for the winter in a dirty, little native village on the equator, where he could enjoy to the fullest his beloved sticky, sticky heat.

Then came the plague, malaria. He came out of it an old man, bent and shaking with ague. He couldn't go back to Heloise that way; so he tried to drown his sorrows, to drink himself to death. A few weeks of the poison stuff brought on dizziness and sharp pains over his heart. He went to see a doctor. Queer how we hold on to life!

"Your heart," the doctor said tersely. "You have a few weeks more to rot in that filthy hole. You should have got out of it long ago."

A few weeks! He wasn't brave after all. He must see Heloise.

He went back and found her still waiting. There was a clean bed with real sheets for him. He hadn't realized how much he had missed sheets. There was Heloise to serve and love him.

At the last he said haltingly, "I love you. I go thinking only of you, hearing only your sweet voice. I smell the mayflowers that bloomed for us and see your sweet face above them."

His weak voice stopped. The only sound in the room was the soft sobbing of Heloise, who knelt by the bed. He stroked her hair.

But he died with the sound of tom-toms in his ears, the tintinnabulations of temple bells. In his nostrils lingered the must of the tombs of long-dead kings, the perfume in the hair of a dark-eyed woman. His dying eyes saw—many things.

So he went to his last great adventure—Death.

DORIS LISLE GREENE, 12A

Evening

Twilight had fallen. The dusky pines against a softly greying sky swayed a little in the faint, cool, evening breeze. A placid brooklet rippled gently along its way, twisting and turning between the trees.

The western sky was a blaze of glory. Streamers of fire, golden, orange, and vermilion, traced their path on the horizon. A veritable sea of flame, seething, bubbling, one could imagine it.

But already the purple clouds from the north were creeping stealthily along, softly, beautifully blending the scarlet and gold into the most exquisite shades imaginable—delicate lavender; fairy-like rose; toward the south, glowing crimson. Slowly the shadows crept onward, deepening as they went, until only the faintest trace of the departed glory remained. In the northern sky a golden, pearly star twinkled.

Then, softly at first, the vesper sparrow took up his melodious song. The beautiful notes swelled louder and louder, throbbing, pleading, full of passion till they reached their height, remained poised on the brink for the briefest of moments, and then slowly subsided, sinking lower and lower until the song ceased.

A pale crescent moon shone sweetly down upon the sleeping forest. Night had come.

VIRGINIA WERTIN, 9A



The Dream Garden

A garden filled with lovely flowers
Which I may wander through;
Where sweetly in the hush of dawn
A meadowlark sings true.

Where grows the lily, tall and pure,
With petals gleaming white
And hiding in its tender folds
A yellow candle, bright.

The rose grows there, with perfume sweet,
Above the marigold,
Sheltering in its deep dark heart
Little drops of gold.

The blue larkspur and golden glow,
The violet small and sweet
Are gleaming like a million jewels
From dew, which follows night so deep.

I'd have a garden filled with each,
And many others, too.
So there I'd sit and dream away,
Or watch the buds peep through.

I'd lay me down at set of sun
And watch the clouds pass by;
Close my eyes and dream of castles
Floating there on high.

So may the day come when this garden
Shall make itself seem true;
And show me, through the flowers therein,
His love for me and you.

HENRIETTA L. GORDON, 10B



King of the Alley

The King sat on the doorstep, lazily cleaning his shiny black fur. The warm sunshine gave him little, delightful, crinkly feelings down his spine, while the gentle breeze brought the faint scent of dead fish and other choice cat-food that sent him into a land of intriguing dreams. But there was a fly that persisted in lighting on his sensitive nose and annoying him until at last he came back from his dreams and got to his feet.

Two years before, of unknown ancestry, he had mysteriously appeared in the alley that harbored a large part of the town's cats. Before long his superior strength had gained him the place of king. Now he gazed at his vast domain, his face glowing with pride. As usual, his eyes soon turned in the direction of Priscilla's home. Slender and graceful, fluffy and white as thistledown, she reigned supreme in his heart.

Just at this point his attention was drawn to the opposite side of the alley. A stranger was entering. Strangers were not uncommon, but there was something formidable about this tall, handsome one with luxuriant fur that was the color of fresh butter splashed with patches of creamy-white foam. There was something compelling, too, about the bold, nonchalant manner in which he approached the King, who had risen stiffly and was now confronting him.

"Good morning," the stranger said with exaggerated politeness. "My name is Robert."

"Good morning," the King returned, not deigning to give his name; in fact, preferring to let this self-satisfied stranger find it out for himself. Then he frigidly turned his back and walked around to the other side of the house.

He tried to sleep again, but the spell was broken. The thoughts of the stranger seemed to stick in his mind. Well, he'd go around and talk to Priscilla; she'd quiet his nerves.

Half way around the house he stopped short. Priscilla and the stranger, Robert, were walking up the alley side by side, and the King heard him saying to her, "Priscilla is indeed a beautiful name, but it is not half so sweet and charming as its bearer."

The King "saw red." To think that this presuming stranger should walk in and take Priscilla away! Very boldly and every inch the king, he marched out and took her arm, but she coldly turned her head and went on talking to Robert.

Night, fiesta time of cats, came at last, and the stranger was forgotten because there were so many other things of interest going on in the alley. There was the new garbage pail of Mrs. Flannigan to be gone through, the usual small fights to be fought, the possibility of some mice in the barn, the gopher hole to be watched, and, last but not least, there was the serenading to be done in the vanishing rays of the moon. It was a night of pure enjoyment.

Days passed, and the King's realm was tottering. Robert, with his manners, had won the hearts of all the fair young ladies of the alley, among them the fickle, yet none the less beautiful, Priscilla. At first the King had been cautious and suspecting, then hurt by her indifference, and finally thoroughly angry. Several little tiffs had already occurred, but as yet no real battle had been fought. Things were different now; the King's honor was at stake.

The fight came about unexpectedly and unplotted. The King was just returning



from his favorite haunt in the big barn when he suddenly smelled fish. One sniff was enough, and he dashed madly through the door. The stranger was just entering, and a sharp collision followed.

"Get out of my way, you bow-legged ink-pot!" the stranger hissed, his fur beginning to bristle.

Without a word the King struck him full on his handsome mouth. Then he backed slowly against the wall, growling fiercely, while every hair on his body stood upright. For a moment Robert was dazed from the blow. With a growl he sprang at the King's throat, and together they rolled over in the dirt.

Almost at once they were on their feet again, spitting and hissing fiercely. Each backed up several inches and then stood glaring at the other. With a low growl they were at it again, rolling and tumbling on the ground. Fur flew, black and yellow alike, as the battle progressed. Blood from the gashes made by wicked claws flowed freely, and the low growls had grown louder until they were nothing short of shrieks. At first the fighters were evenly matched, but the stranger's superior strength soon began to show. Finally, with a sudden lunge he grabbed the King by the throat and floored him. The battle was over, and Robert was victorious.

The King picked himself up and took one last look at the vast domain that was lost to him forever. Then slowly and sadly he disappeared into the darkness of the night.

EDNA WILLIAMS, 12A

The Christmas Table

The table was in the center of the room, guarded by stiff, high-backed chairs of early date. In the center and at both ends were several old-fashioned heavy silver candle-sticks which illuminated the otherwise dark room.

The table fairly creaked with its tremendous load of Christmas cheer. At the head of the table was an old china platter of wonderful design, holding severely the remains of one over-stuffed brown and steaming turkey, not so long ago head of the poultry yard. Alas! for that, for he was now surrounded by a ring of sausages that boded no good. On the north was a huge mound of baked sweet 'taters; at the other end, white potatoes and sundry dishes of vegetables.

Off a little to one side, as if too grand to mingle, was red cranberry jelly, shaking like some nervous old man—maybe it had reason to be nervous in that company.

At the other end of the table were several homemade mince pies, smelling very good, and in the center was a squat, black, house affair of fruit cake, carefully guarded by the pies.

The table was set with old-fashioned delicate china that had seen service, along with the silver and crystal ware, across the seas. At each place was a fine tall goblet of perishable texture, and each was full of sparkling wine in which the flickering light of the candles played and reflected back and forth to the heavy silver ware.

Above all this, set at intervals down the table, were high "look-outs" loaded with nuts, fruits, and candy.

The whole seemed to say, "Well, if it isn't a Merry Christmas, it isn't our fault," and the candles winked each other a Happy New Year.

ALLAN LANG, 9A

eighty-seven]



The Alarm Clock

To me the alarm clock is the symbol of life; it is a signal that the great city reawakens, that a new day begins, that the streets are again filled with pulsing existence. It is a call to the soldiers of life to march forth onto the field of battle.

I love to hear the alarm clock in the morning. Inconspicuous, possessing no beauty to speak of, yet always ticking—regularly, since time immemorial. And then, unexpectedly its musical trill sends forth a challenge to the entire universe—man, woman, and child! The bugle has sounded; a new day lies before you.

Laughingly, willingly, earnestly the call is answered—by some but not by all, and why not? I, for one, am unable to understand those who cannot bear the sound of it; who are tempted to hurl it out of the window or smother it beneath the bed-clothes—just to sleep another half hour.

Queer isn't it?—for I love to hear the alarm clock in the morning. I am a night watchman.

GERTRUDE GROEPPPEL, 12B

Sepulchred Spring

In the spring
Soft mantles of velvet green
Envelop woodland, hill, and dale;
In the spring
Among the growing wheat are seen
Red poppies in the vale.
Flower-decked, dew-kissed orchards stretch
Beneath the blue, blue, sunny sky;
Scenes artists, though so great, can never sketch
Charm and fascinate the passer-by.

In the spring
The city stands all purple-gray,
A discord 'midst the harmony of color;
In the spring
Seeds are swelling, hidden away
'Neath the concrete, that ne'er may know the fuller
Joy of waving, tall and fragrant, 'neath the sky;
They ne'er may know the freshening breath
Of wandering breezes, those little seeds that lie
Under city pavements, entombed in living death.

Yes, the spring
Thrills the bosom of the barren earth;
Stirs it till it buds in splendor;
Yet the spring
Can never give those blossoms birth,
Nor bring to light those tender
Leaves which lie beneath the city street;
For concrete tombs are strong and bring
No hope of resurrection to bitter or to sweet
In the spring.

CECILIA GRANDON NIXON, 12A



Sweetgrass Range

"If I should sell my pony,
And ride the range no more,
Nail up my hat and my silver spurs
Above my shanty door.

"And let my door stand open wide
To the snow and the rain and sun
And bury me under the green sweetgrass
Where you hear the river run'"—

He thought of these lines as he lay there. The vulture swooped lower and lower. It would not be long now until it could partake of its evening meal. The torturing sun, the blistering sand, and the empty canteen lying on the ground beside Tim prophesied this.

Tim closed his eyes. It was too painful to move his head; so he must either close his eyes or be blinded by the merciless sun.

A gripping terror did not seize Tim as he would have expected; just a gnawing pain shot through his veins. It felt like running, liquid fire. Tim knew, however, that it was the rattlesnake poison. He could not possibly live over an hour. He painfully opened bloodshot eyes and gazed around as best he could. Nothing was in sight save low, thin sagebrush and phantom yucca, their colorless stalk throwing back the rays of the life-giving, death-dealing sun. Even the faithful gray, Teddie, had disappeared.

The horse had stumbled in a prairie-dog's hole. The jar had thrown the unsuspecting Tim into a small cactus in which had been concealed a large diamond-back rattlesnake. Of course it had bitten him. He had picked himself up from off the stinging needles and had walked over to his horse, realizing that if he did not receive aid soon, he would die in his boots, as he had vowed he would. The horse had shied at his drunken reeling. Tim had not been a drinking man, so his pet could not understand his behaviour. It frightened him. It had not been the horse's fault. The man had fallen, fainting, beneath his horse's feet. When he regained consciousness, he had noted the vulture and the barren landscape, with the mountain purple in the hazy distance.

His thoughts then turned to where he had spent his early youth—to the large cities, to tours of the world, and then to his happy days in college. His thoughts at last turned to where he had spent his last two years. It had been called the "Sweetgrass Range." The tall sweetgrass waved its slender stalks about him. He could hear the rippling brook, gaily leaping over pebbles. He was very thirsty. He knew that the babbling sound he heard was not the silvery brook that wound its way among the pepper trees. He saw a large herd of steers out among the Sweetgrass, and knew it was a desert mirage. He sighed. He was pitiful in his wisdom. If he only did not know that this was but the malice of the desert, he could die in peace! He fell asleep.

Tim awakened to throw a few more sticks on the fire. It was burning low. What a queer dream! There stood Teddie nibbling the top of the sweetgrass. Ha! And he had thought his faithful pony had deserted him in his time of need. He slapped the horse lovingly on the flanks. As he was not very sleepy, he walked down to the brook and took a long sweet drink of the crystal clear water. He then turned to the fire and lay luxuriously down upon his bed of pine needles. The odor of the sweetgrass blended with the strong scent of pines was wafted toward him, carried by the cooling night wind. He was sleepier than he had thought. Yes, it had been a very queer dream—



They found him next day, the rangers did. He lay on the frost-covered sand. It was very early, and the buzzard had not as yet descended to its prey. They had searched all night, ever since Teddie had returned to the rancho riderless.

The boy looked so still, so peaceful. No signs of agony were apparent upon his regular features. This was unaccountable, since he had been bitten by the "demon of the desert." He was cold and still. He looked as though he were but sleeping. His handsome face bore a smile upon it; no creases furrowed the tranquil brow. The hardened rangers knew, however, that his laughing blue eyes were closed forever. They would never again hear his melodious voice chanting "His Knibbs" or "That Dunbar feller's" poems. Never again could they demand that he recite their favorite and his, "Sweetgrass Range," as they sat around the camp-fire at night. Many of the poems he had recited for them they had not understood, but they could understand their old standby. They would miss him; yes, indeed! He was beloved of every ranger in the border country. His winning grace and frank, friendly smile had won an everlasting place in the hearts of his fellow men. He had not been a coward either. They know this, but they also thought he had faced death and agony with a smile. This had not been the case. God in His mercy had spared this boy and had let him peacefully fall asleep in the sweetgrass region near the running brooklet. The rangers could not know this. Like most foolish mortals, they believed their eyes. They saw but a vast stretch of sand, on which the snow was rapidly melting. They thought he had suffered unthinkable agonies. Poor ignorant mortals!

They buried him under the green sweetgrass, up among the crowning mountains he had loved, near the river. They buried him in his boots, without the spurs, and bareheaded. His blond hair sparkled in the sun like spun gold.

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the young, unchecked, and trickled down the weather-worn faces of the old, unheeded. To the minds of all returned the words they could never forget, not only because of their meaning but because this young, happy, courageous boy, whose face they were about to hide from human eyes forever, had endeared them to their hearts:

"Come sell your pony, cowboy—

Sell your pony to me;
Braided bridle and puncher saddle
And spend your money free."

"If I should sell my pony,
And ride the range no more,
Nail up my hat and my silver spurs
Above my shanty door.

"And let my door stand open wide
To the snow and the rain and sun;
And bury me under the green sweetgrass
Where you hear the river run."

"As I came down the sweetgrass range
And by the cabin door,
I heard a singing in the early dusk
Along the river shore;

"I heard a singing to the early stars,
And the tune of a pony's feet—
The joy of the riding singer
I never shall forget."

ANNABELLA BRIGHT, 12A.



The Fairies

Dancing lightly and daintily, the fairies circled round their Queen, ready to pay homage to their beautiful and fantastic Ruler. At the movement of her flower-like wand the dancing ceased, and the dancers bowed low, ready to obey the wish of their beloved Queen.

"My subjects," the tiny lady murmured, "when the moon begins to fade and the rising sun paints the sky pearly gray, go into the woods and around the foot of each tree plant our favorite flower, the maybells.

"Lead Lysander and Hermia unto them, and inspire Lysander to pick them and give our little gifts to Hermia."

Her short and simple speech, in which she so sweetly expressed her will, seemed to make the fairies more joyous than ever. As they tripped out of her throne room, which was in the heart of a calla lily, they danced by the light of the moon until the dawn gently broke, and then hastened away to do their Queen's bidding. Before the moon had faded from the sky, the maybells were pushing their tiny heads through the ground; and when the Queen's special messenger whispered in Lysander's ear, he went into the fragrant woods and gathered an exquisite bouquet with which he hoped to make glad the heart of his sweetheart.

AUDREY KUSSERO, 9A

On the River Styx

I had always wanted to take a cruise on the River Styx; so I was more than delighted when I received a cable from Pluto inviting me over. He said they had a new steamer on the river, with first class equipment. If I wanted to come, I had only to follow his directions. This I did gladly.

The first person I met on the boat was Shakespeare. I thought it would be a good time to ask him those questions about Macbeth. I said, "Mr. Shakespeare, we have often wondered if Lady Macbeth really fainted, or just pretended."

"Cut the formality and call me Bill," he replied. "Of course Lady Macbeth didn't faint. If she had been really going to faint, she would have keeled over when she heard of the king's murder. She was a good actress."

"We also wondered who the 'Third Murderer' was."

"I knew when I wrote that scene it would fox 'em; that's the only reason I put it in. I really don't care who it was, but I like to think it was Macbeth."

I was very much disappointed because I did not get more definite answers. I tried to think of a better way to put my questions, but Shakespeare interrupted me by saying that he would have to leave me because he had to talk with another visitor, Ethel M. Dell, on the subject of good literature.

I walked around the deck, seeing many people I had read about. Soon I came upon George Washington and Lincoln. I talked to them a few minutes, and among the interesting things I learned from them were that George Washington did not chop down the cherry-tree and that he could "ditch" to go swimming and prevaricate to clear himself just like any other boy. Lincoln told me that, although he did like to study, he was human enough not to like to write themes.

VERA BORROW, 12A



DRAMATICS

It was midnight, just a little over an hour since the last door had been locked.
 Clock (yawning)—O, hum! It has been a long time since I have stayed up late two nights in succession, but it was worth it.

Rug (stretching)—I've been pulled here and there all evening. Perhaps I may have a good night's rest now.

Clock— I never had such an exciting time! The most fun for me is when the plays are presented.

Rug— You have the advantage over me. You are permanent here, while I was never in a play before, and most likely never will be again.

Curtain— Remember in the play, "We've Got to Have Money," when David Farnum slipped? Ha! Ha! Wasn't that exciting! I thought he was going to fall.

Flats— What are you silly things giggling about?

Rug— We were just talking about the happenings of the last two nights.

Stairs (creaking)—Indeed, I remember every time anyone stepped on my poor back.

Flats— You surely yelled loudly enough!

Stairs— I tried not to make a sound, but it hurt. I just couldn't help it.

Flats— I was never so afraid in all my life! Everytime you yelled, I—

Rug— Now, now, we don't want a fuss just after having such a good time!

Clock— I do wish we could have stair's back mended. I'm sure it hurts him.

(The picture looked on in disdain)

Window—Just to change the subject, what was the first act about?

Memo— Tom Campbell is forced to go to college by stipulations in his father's will. This being against his own desires, he lets a poor boy, David Farnum, go in his place. So they change names.

Table— Now wasn't that a wise idea?

Memo— While David was in New York, he became quite friendly with a girl, Evelyn Russell. When she learned that David would come into possession of a large sum of money at his graduation and was in love with his guardian's daughter, Jean Walcott, she started a suit for breach of promise.

Flats— Yes, what happened then?

Memo— All went well until graduation, when Jean and her father came to New York. Both, thinking that it was a sin not to have an education and to do anything that was underhanded, were greatly shocked upon learning that David had been living in New York under false pretenses.

Flats— Now Dave was in bad.

Memo— Mr. Walcott makes Jean break her engagement with David, he himself cutting off David's allowance.

Window—This is interesting. What was the outcome?

Memo— David, wishing to prove to his guardian and to Jean that he is a capable business man even if he hasn't a college education, besides making a living starts a business organization promoting brains.

Table— Promoting brains!

Memo— Yes. After several months of hard business, he, in a paint deal with his guardian, proves his ability as a business man.

Window—Just who were the characters in the play?

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DRAMATICS



"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

ninety-three]



- Memo— Betty Clark, Toney Platt.
 Rug— By all means don't forget Miss Finney.
 Desk— Our actress and office flirt.
 Memo— There was also the villain, Mr. Levante, and his accomplice, Kennison.
 Flats (orating)—Now for the cream of the production—Prof. Brigley, under whom Tom won the honors in synthetic organic chemistry and differential calculus; Lucas, the colored valet, whose replies were invariably the wrong thing; and last but not least, the barber, the one who thought a heavy head of hair was too warm in the summer.
 Lights— "Biga da bunch." (All laugh).
 Table— There at the end of the play wasn't it a pretty picture when Dave, after getting his guardian's consent, asked Jean to marry him that afternoon?
 Desk— Yes, but wasn't that a money-making advertisement, "Brains Wanted"?
 Flats— Just as clever as can be, but they could have accomplished nothing without the aid of Mr. Kilpatrick.

"WE'VE GOT TO HAVE MONEY"

David Farnum	John Dunson
Thomas Campbell	Bob Colter
Toney Platt	Lindsey Simmons
Robert Brady	Paul Wilhelm
Richard Walcott	Frank Hawkins
Prof. Brigley	Faye Whitten
James Doolin	Arland Grover
Mr. Levante	Dwain Tarbet
Kennison	Henry Musser
Otto Schultz	Arland Grover
Barber	Bernadine Brogan
Jean Walcott	Pearl Marshall, Peggy Kinney
Evelyn Russell	Helen MacGregor
Betty Clark	Kathalyn Huntzinger
Miss Doolittle	Vera Barrow
Miss Finney	Doris Greene
Lucas	Dorothy Miller
Maid	Elizabeth Lindelof

- Typewriter—What other plays have the dramatics class presented?
 Paper— They presented "Pals" at a pay assembly.
 Chair— That story was about Fred and his pal Bob, wasn't it?
 Paper— Yes, Fred cheated in an examination in order to be eligible to play on the football team.
 Desk— Because Bob, after starting to cheat and then deciding not to, did not turn in the test, he was shunned by his friends.
 Typewriter—He wasn't allowed to play in the football game, either.
 Lights— But after Fred confessed before the assembly when he was nominated for Student Body president, Bob regained his old standing among his friends and the school.



"ICEBOUND"



"PALS"

Bob Keith	Paul Wilhelm
Fred Logan	Bob Colter
Mary Mitchell	Unetta Jayne Small
Mrs. Logan	True Barton
Mr. Logan	Lindsey Simmons
Ruth Palmer	Dorothy Wells
Jacqueline Palmer	Doris Hunter
Miss Reed	Nevada Malkus
Jeanie Logan	Ruth Love
"Milt"	Dwain Tarbet
Janitor Boy	John Dunson

Typewriter—Then there was "The Man With the Felt Hat," which was presented Alumni Day, a hilarious comedy with capable players.

Hangings—How about the play "Brewster's Millions"? Wasn't it the senior class play?

Life boat—Yes.

Hangings—It goes something like this: "Monty" Brewster accepts the contract, which was in his uncle's will, to spend one million dollars in one year.

Lamp— If Monty succeeds, he will receive seven million dollars in return.

Life boat—Remember the restrictions that went with the contract?

Flats— Surely.

Stock Ticker—Monty must come into his twenty-sixth birthday with a fair name and habits temperate; he must show ability to manage his affairs shrewdly and wisely, and be without visible or invisible assets. He must take no person or persons into confidence regarding the will or its conditions, spend one million dollars, and have no matrimonial entanglements. In his fulfillment of the contract he has to be absolutely penniless, have no article of jewelry, furniture, or finance, and have no possessions other than the clothes on his back.

Window—Oh, what restrictions!

Stock-Ticker—Monty had good luck for a while. One day he invested in some stock, which, instead of going down, went up, thus increasing the fortune. He also bet on a race horse that had the least showing, but to his great dismay the horse came in first, winning the handicap.

Distress Signal—Monty's best friend, Nopper Harrison, made an investment for Monty without his knowing it. The stock failed, wiping Nopper out.

Stock-Ticker—Finally the last day came and Monty's money was all gone. It was two minutes to twelve when Nopper rushed into the room and returned the thirty-five thousand dollars he had lost in speculation.

Flats— Monty was distracted. He had only two minutes in which to rid himself of thirty-five thousand dollars. However, Mr. Grant, the executing attorney of the uncle's will, told Monty that his fee was one-half of one percent on the principal, making \$35,000 exactly. Just then the clock struck twelve. Monty had won.

Flats— That was great!



"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

Montgomery Brewster	Clarence White
Margaret (Peggy) Grey	Mary Foster
Nopper Harrison	Bob Colter
Archibald Vanderpool	Leslie Howell
Joseph McCloud	Earl Rees
Frank Bragdon	Charles Paxton
Horace Pettingill	Lindsey Simmons
"Subby" Smith	Howard Bush
Mrs. Dan DeMille	Evelyn Messner
Barbara Drew	Evelyn Rice
Colonel Drew	Harry Sargent
Janie Armstrong	Annabella Bright
Trixie Clayton	Annette Marr
Miss Baynton	Edna Cook
Monsieur Bargee	Louis Lorig
Rawles	Clinton Howell
First Officer	Harold Thomas
Captain Perry	Jere Smith
Steward	Gus Pierce
Quarter Master	Dick Cramp
Sailors	Paul Griggs—Ralph Tone
Mr. Grant	Milton Quincey
Thomas	Ralph Tone
First Office Boy	Calvin Sanders
Second Office Boy	Floyd Schneider

Dresser— There was another play. It was quite different than the others.

Chair— It was something about ice—"Icebound," that's what it was, "Icebound."

Clock— It goes something like this: Jane Crosby is left the Jordan fortune by Mrs. Jordan, who does this as she does not feel that she can trust her youngest son Ben, who is now indicted before the grand jury. She also leaves Jane a letter explaining her wishes.

Sewing Machine—Jane cares for Ben until she decides that the time has come for the fulfillment of his mother's wishes. Jane draws up a deed of gift giving Ben the fortune. She also finds out that Ben is in love with another girl. Meanwhile Ben discovers his love for Jane.

"ICEBOUND"

Jane Crosby	Dorothy Miller
Ben Jordan	Paul Wilhelm
Henry Jordan	Arland Grover
Emma Jordan	Doris Hunter
Ella Jordan	Elizabeth Lindelof
Nettie	Ruth Love, Unetta Jayne Small
Sadie Fellows	Clara Eubank, Gertrude Groeppel
Orin	Edward Bennett
Judge Bradford	Frank Hawkins
Doctor Curtis	Lindsey Simmons
Jim Jay	Henry Musser
Hannah	Nevada Malkus



Art

The art department this year has endeavored to develop individual talent and discover artistic possibilities in every student in the classes. We have not only worked for skill in technique and craftsmanship, but have been striving for originality along creative lines and developing appreciation of beauty in every-day art. The significance of color and design in daily life has been especially stressed, as well as the underlying theories of these phases of art. We have emphasized creative expression along every artistic line and have been able to cooperate with the various departments of the school, making our art work very practical in this way.

Posters were made for the dramatics class plays, "We've Got to Have Money" and "Icebound," the senior plays, "The Show Shop" and "Brewster's Millions," the opera, "Pinafore," and other school plays and programs. Special day programs claimed attention, and we painted stage sets and made posters to advertise assemblies. The art classes also made posters for the Community Chest, for which eight prizes were awarded, Grace Heath winning first prize. The pupils who sent posters to the San Bernardino Orange Show each received a pass.

Stage sets were made by the department for "The Show Shop," "Brewster's Millions," "We've Got to Have Money," "Icebound," and for the comic opera "Pinafore."

Among the events for which place-cards were made were the Hallowe'en faculty party, the football banquet, and the dinner for the grammar school principals and teachers.

The art room has been ablaze with the colors of the problems worked out in cut paper and tempera. The advanced classes have studied figure-drawing and pen and ink sketching in the preparation of the annual. The beginning classes have done very well this year, also, in their class problems and have developed skill in poster work.

Design studied in class was applied to various kinds of craft work. The pupils made block prints for Christmas cards, decorated plaques, and created their own designs in fabric painting, which included handkerchiefs, scarfs, and wall hangings. The beginning classes worked with enamels. They painted wooden parrots and other decorative articles in brilliant colors. The different classes painted and decorated small articles of furniture, designed and painted many beautiful parchment lamp shades, and did some batik dyeing.

The art department is continually growing and improving, and with the incoming of the freshman new talent has been discovered which will be developed in time. As a whole, this year has been very successful, and a great deal has been accomplished under the supervision of our former teacher, Mrs. Smith, who returned to us last fall.



Music

On my return voyage from the Orient I met a wealthy merchant who was bringing his daughter to California in order to give her the advantages of its excellent school system. It was not very long until I learned that she was especially interested in music; so I told her about the music department of Inglewood Union High School.

The aim of the department is to give the best possible training in the subjects offered and to develop a taste for good music among the students.

Of course I told her about the different classes, which are quite large: for instance, the Boys' Glee Club has twenty-three members, the Girls' Glee Club has sixty-five; the junior chorus, forty-five, and the regular class in voice, fifteen. These are taught by Miss Hughes. The piano classes, under the direction of Mrs. White, have an enrollment of ninety students. The orchestra of sixty pieces is directed by Mr. Monroe.

The Bella Musica, our music club, has received many new members, which makes us hope for bigger and better things. The first semester Ethelwyn Cole served as president, while the second semester True Barton held that office. At our annual banquet the first of the year "Daddy" Green and others spoke on the purpose of Bella Musica and its aims for the coming year.

Chaplain Witherspoon of the United States Navy, who was speaker at the Sunday evening sermon for the pioneer winter class, invited the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs to sing at the Sunday morning services on board the battleship Colorado, and also to stay for luncheon. As you see, it was a wonderful opportunity, and the boys and girls eagerly took advantage of it.

Two of the ex-members of the club, "Peggy" Kinney and "Evie" Rice, have made their debut as the "Harmony Twins," singing over Inglewood's radio, K M I C.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Monroe, has played for assemblies and plays, and accompanied the glee clubs.

They did much to make "H. M. S. Pinafore" a success. This famous Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera was presented March 11 and 12. The auditorium was well filled both nights of the performance.

The cast was as follows:

Josephine	Irene Goodson
Ralph Rockstraw	Raymond Hillhouse
Buttercup	Nellie Millhouse
Captain Corcoran	Ernest Lebaker
Sir Joseph Porter K. C. B.	Leroy Priest
Hebe	Winona Stockton
Dick Deadeye	Fred Banks
Boatswain	Hartley Forrest
Boatswain's Mate	Henry Musser

The final musical program will be given by the orchestra and the piano classes, May 20.

I hope you will become a contralt Chief some day

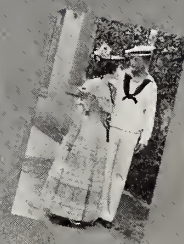
*Amen
Sydney Butterworth*

MUSIC

1927



Tilchman 28



McLennan, Hays, Kays



Hels

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
"H.M.S. PINAFORE"







Home Economics

The study and practice of home economics has been one of the most beneficial courses given this last year. Each new school year offers many diversified subjects, so that more pupils than ever before have enrolled, realizing the practical value of the knowledge they acquire.

A special course has been added this year for the benefit of the boys. Under this subject the boys learn the selection of clothing as to cut, color, fabric and appropriateness. Proper nutrition is thoroughly studied, particularly that pertaining to the health of the high school student. One day a week is devoted to actual laboratory practice in food preparation. The economic side of the home, such as the study of budgets, allowances, and management is included. In other words, the course offers an opportunity for the boys to understand better the real value of home partnership. Needless to say, the course has been a huge success.

Home nursing is a subject available to senior girls. In this class the girls study simple nursing procedure, changing a bed with a patient, bathing a patient in bed, and all the daily routine for a patient as well as the causes, results, and prevention of diseases. The care of the baby is one of the interesting topics in connection with this study.

The girls make valuable notebooks on all the lessons pertaining to the child. Special emphasis is placed on the proper social relations in the family. The course gives the girls the right attitude toward proper sanitation in relation to health as well as to disease.

Household management is a half-year subject for girls who wish to learn more fully the methods of making the home more beautiful, and themselves better home-keepers. They study more modern and efficient methods of running a home. Each girl plans a well arranged home, suiting her personal preferences but also conforming to the convenient and step-saving lines. Notebooks covering period furniture, types of houses, color schemes, harmonious arrangements and labor-saving devices are included.

Chemistry for girls, a year course, includes the study of elementary chemistry



with its practical applications as we find them in the home. Special emphasis is placed on the chemistry of the composition and materials other than goods used in the home, as bluing, soaps, and cleaning agents.

Problems that confront the school girl in regard to her diet are discussed. Many suggestions are given which tend to make a healthier, happier student.

Freshman girls are required to take a half year of foods. The meal sequence plan is followed. Special attention is given to the health of the individual. Luncheons and dinners are served at the close of each division of the subject. The rest of the year is devoted to the study of clothing. In these classes undergarments and dresses are made, with the study of fabrics as to the composition, color, and proper selection.

For girls who wish to advance in clothing there are classes that specialize in that subject. The girls make dresses and hats, silk and wool coats, sport outfits, evening dresses, and useful household articles. Embroidery stitches are applied on dresses, pillows, and household linens, lovely in color and design.

This year a Forsythe hand-loom has been installed. The girls in advanced classes are privileged to use it, and interesting rugs and bath-mats were the first subjects. After the technic has been mastered, the girls work on more elaborate problems and color combinations.

As every girl takes one or more courses in home economics and boys have an opportunity, too, better, healthier, and more useful young people are turned out every year to make better homes and truer citizens.

At the close of the year a fashion revue was held for the students and their parents. This was an opportunity for the work of the department to be displayed in an interesting manner. This year the Girls' League cooperated, and refreshments were served.



Part - Time

This year the part-time department is located in rooms one, two, and three of the science building. The largest of these rooms serves as a class room, while the other two are used as the office. At this time there are one hundred and fifty-five pupils in the department.

The four hours a week that the working boy and girl put in part-time is a challenge to their desire for knowledge. If they are eager to learn, they will secure much that will be of use to them. Part-time is a bit of a citizenship program for the boys and girls who attend. Citizenship is the primary subject taught, and it is placed before the students as a part of the necessary training if they would become useful citizens and homemakers.

A placement bureau was formed last year, as the need was felt for some way to aid the student in securing employment. This bureau is formed by a number of local business men who inform Miss Couch when they need a boy or girl to work for them. Miss Couch then tries to find someone suitable to fill the offered position. A number of pupils have found very satisfactory work through the bureau.

As the pupils of the part-time department are transitory, the class work is carried out with each day's work complete in itself. Business English, penmanship and spelling, literature, commercial arithmetic, and citizenship are taught in the classrooms.

In September members of these classes and their instructor, Miss Couch, went to the new Los Angeles Public Library. A guide was appointed to conduct the class through the various departments. They were shown the music room where one may find anything in music-sheet, operatic, instrumental, etc. One can take this music out in the same way as he does a book. In connection with the music department is a sound-proof music room where one may try the music on the piano. Another interesting feature of the library is the room for the blind. Here they may come and read the books for the blind, printed with raised letters. Other departments are the patent, civics, map, genealogy, art, and California rooms, each one equally interesting and to be found only in libraries of great size.

A tea for all parents of part-timers was given November 18th in the office of the department. Eighteen parents attended the tea, and problems of mutual interest were discussed.

On November 24th Frank Mills and Mrs. Bessie Norby, as delegates from the Wednesday section, visited the Part-Time High School at Long Beach. They were cordially received and shown through the various classes. On returning to our classroom the delegates were very complimentary to the Long Beach school and declared it



a fine institution of learning. We are very glad to be on the mailing list of their part-time paper, "The Vista," which is issued monthly.

The classes have had the privilege of having several representatives from the various fields of business come and give practical talks to them. Mr. Saunders, representing the Safety Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California, was the first speaker of the year. He addressed the Monday and Wednesday classes on "Safety." Mr. Saunders stressed the fact that the pedestrian had as much to do in a safety campaign as the motorist and that both were to blame for the increase of accidents every year. He also stated that he was very much against the practice of students, whether boys or girls, catching rides to and from school.

Mr. Raymond S. Spears, widely known author and newspaper man, was the next to address the class, speaking on, "What Writers Put into Their Stories." Mr. Spears had with him fifteen different magazines which he used to illustrate the right and wrong kinds of literature. This was Mr. Spear's third visit to the part-time department, as he came twice last year and gave interesting travel talks.

There was so much enthusiasm over the addresses given that Miss Couch decided to have another business man talk before the classes. At this time Mr. Messner of Inglewood spoke to the Wednesday Section on "Salesmanship." The pupils thoroughly enjoyed his talk.

The Employed Boys' Convention was held in Pasadena, February 13th. Although it was a rainy, cold Sunday, two part-time boys managed to get to the convention. The boys heard Mr. Cameron Beck, personnel director of the New York Stock Exchange, New York, and other interesting speakers. They felt fully repaid for the discomfort they experienced in getting there.

A swimming party at the Redondo Beach plunge was given by the Wednesday section on March 14th. Twenty pupils and friends participated in the swim, which was so successful that the class plans to go again in the near future.

This department is the recipient of many publications from the part-time departments of others schools. "The Spotlight" is a weekly bulletin issued by the faculty to the students of Metropolitan High School. "The Huntington Park News" comes from Huntington Park Opportunity School; and Pasadena also keeps us informed as to their work. "The Metropolitan Mirror" is sent from Los Angeles Part-Time High School, and recently a journal, "The Loudspeaker," arrived with news of what our northern friends, the San Francisco part-timers, are doing.

Various members of each class have corresponded with these schools and hope in this way to become better acquainted with similar activities throughout the state. Next year the different sections hope to put out a publication, since they would like to inform other schools of the local part-time work.



LINCOLN DAY PROGRAM
JOSEPH STERNAD, WINNER OF THRIFT CUP
COMMERCIAL TEAMS
LINCOLN DAY PROGRAM



MANUAL ARTS

Woodshop

The woodshop department of Inglewood Union High School is being recognized as one of the best equipped shops for schools of our size. The shop equipment consists of seven lathes, a universal saw, a band saw, a jointer, a mortising machine, a drill press, a surfacer, and a grinding machine.

Reed work, such as baskets and other articles of the wicker type, are being made extensively by day students as well as by the night school classes. Cedar chests, radio cabinets, nut bowls, and model yachts are among the most important of the articles finished during the school term of 1926-27.

Near the end of the first semester of the school year of 1926-27 there was added to the finishing department an air brush, which makes possible much neater, smoother, and more durable finishes. Many coats of lacquer and porcelain can be sprayed on to the articles by this means. In finishing cedar chests when a natural finish is desired, a clear lacquer can be applied, which brings out a much richer color than either shellac or varnish.

A great many of the settings used in the class plays of W'27 and S'27, as well as the settings used in the two dramatics class plays and the opera given by the combined glee clubs, were made in the woodshop department.

Many boys center their interests around model yachting. A local business man, Mr. Rixon, sponsors a yacht regatta each year, in which the fastest boat wins a handsome silver trophy. This regatta is known as the Rixon Yacht Regatta. A few of the boys who have participated in this race are Glenn Pedder, Eugene Conners (winner of 1926 regatta), Charles Dunham, Marvin Snyder, Myron Calkins, and Melvin Zillgitt.

The shop's classes have increased so much in enrollment that three instructors are necessary to handle them. There are three hundred and fifty day school pupils and fifty-five night school pupils in attendance.

The shop instructors are Mr. C. W. Lyon, Mr. J. E. Yocum, and Mr. L. E. Peters.

Metal Working Department

During the school year of 1926-27 the metal working department of Inglewood Union High School has gone through more changes in the way of advancement than at any other time. It is composed of the auto shop, auto electric and battery department, machine shop, welding class, radio, and tool room.

The auto shop, under the supervision of Mr. Lawrence, head adviser of the entire department, has grown considerably in the past two years. The classes are so large and



the room capacity so far too small that many students have been rejected in the mechanical course. In order to give the shop an up-to-date appearance many improvements were made this year. A cement driveway between the manual arts building and the boys' gymnasium was laid during the summer vacation. To relieve the crowded condition of the shop, an outside pit was also installed.

With Mr. McCauley for an instructor, the students of the radio, electrical, and battery departments have done some very good work. Besides learning the art of wiring generators or re-wiring cars, the boys have had some practical experience in house and machinery wiring, gaining the knowledge by re-wiring switches and putting in light sockets for some of the school buildings. They also did the wiring up of the new machinery acquired by the machine shop.

In the radio classes the boys have built a complete amateur transmitting and receiving set. The station is known as 6AVS and is for sending code only. It is operated under motor generator power and also rectified AC, having two sources of power. A larger and better charger was installed this year for the battery department. Some students have taken up the study of building radio B batteries.

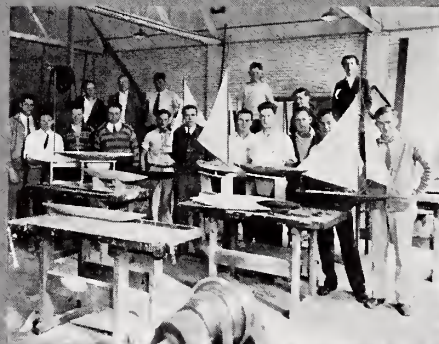
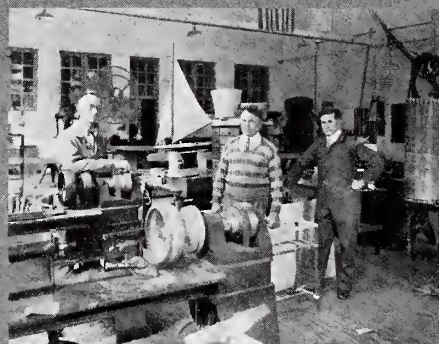
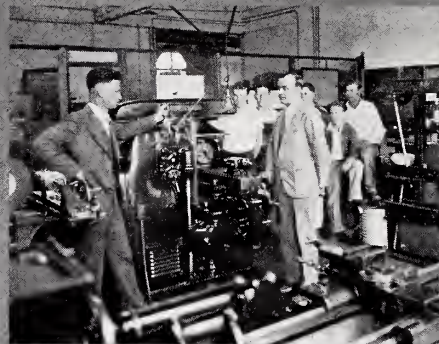
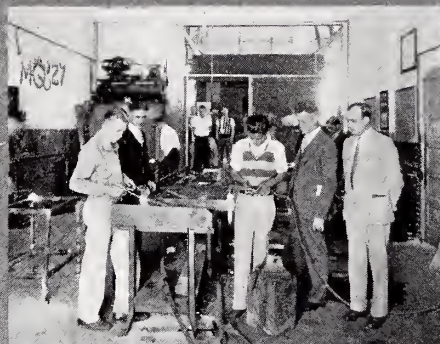
Under the careful direction of Mr. Conley some of the boys are becoming experts in making tools, such as chisels, punches, and screw-drivers; a few have also made hammers and many other things useful to a mechanic. Two expensive machines were added to the shop's equipment this year. One is a large Sidney lathe, and the other, a number I. M. Cincinnati miller, on which objects of any shape or form can be turned out. Many compliments have been given to the boys for keeping their machines consistently clean and well-oiled.

The welding classes are under the combined supervision of Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Conley. In the last two and a half years the department has increased from one oxy-welding tank to a ten-tank station, under manifold control. It is hoped that we may have a special instructor for next year's classes.

The members of the metal working department of I. U. H. S. wish to express their appreciation of the work done by Mr. McDonald, who is in charge of the tool room. He has kept the tools very neat and always in unified order.

Mechanical Drawing

Undoubtedly the most successful year in the existence of the drafting department of Inglewood Union High School has just been completed. It has been possible to walk into either room almost any period of the day and find full classes, and in the second semester these classes were literally flooded with promising and enthusiastic freshmen.



ELECTRICIANS
MECHANICAL DRAWING
PART-TIME DEPARTMENT

MACHINE SHOP
WOOD SHOP
YACHT CLUB



The course itself is divided into two distinct lines: namely, mechanical drawing and architectural drawing. Mechanical drawing is subdivided into machine and electrical drawing.

The first year course in mechanical drawing is the same in all cases. It starts with the simplest of linework and lettering to get the student acquainted with the use of his instruments and gradually reaches the point where he is drawing various views of actual objects with dimensions. In this one year the student should acquire a very good knowledge of mechanical drawing and its application. Some form of mechanical drawing is used in almost any business, and a working knowledge of it is a very good thing to have on hand; but if it is used for nothing else, it is well worth the time spent for the neatness, exactness, and accuracy acquired.

The second year student has a choice between machine and electrical drawing. If he chooses the course in machine drawing or design, he will learn the intricacies of the designing of all kinds of machinery. The course includes the drawing of simple machinery, standard fastenings, and machine parts or detail, and the consideration of various formulae to make each part of the necessary strength without being cumbersome. This work is terminated in the third year with a detailed drawing of the Ford motor. In making these drawings all the principles learned in mechanical drawing are applied.

If, however, the student chooses electrical drawing, he will find himself surrounded with a widely different kind of work. In this course the study of preliminary electricity, illustrated with drawings, is taken up and leads to the study of batteries, generators, motors, meters, and the wiring diagrams of different kinds of automobiles.

The first year architectural work, in the beginning, is quite similar to mechanical drawing, with line work and lettering, but from there it departs to the actual planning of simple house constructions. This work is continued in the second year and is followed with perspectives, pen and pencil sketchings, and the detailed planning of a one-story house. The third year consists of sketchings, rendering in water colors, and the complete planning of a two-story building. The student is also given in his course something of the history of architecture and a study of the different architecture forms.

From the above we see that mechanical drawing is quite worth while, even if taken only as a part of another course of study. It can now be included in a mathematics major, and it is probable that in the near future it will rank as a major itself along with English or mathematics.



Printing

The printing department has almost completed its fifth year at I. U. H. S. since its establishment in 1922 by the present instructor, Fred T. Travis. The department originally occupied the northeast corner of the manual arts building, but owing to its growth and development, a larger and better room was specially constructed in the new fine arts building, and in the summer of 1925 the plant was moved to its new quarters.

It is surprising how the printing department has progressed during the five years it has been in the high school. We have one of the finest equipped shops to be found anywhere in the state. New equipment has been added from time to time, and there will be several more pieces installed next year. Every year something has been added to the plant to help it in its work and to make the course more complete.

The number of students enrolled for classes in the course has reached its highest point during this year. Several students have taken the printing course during their four years at high school, have graduated, and are now holding good situations in the printing world. A girls' class of eleven was enrolled this year for sixth period.

Printing is educational, requiring spelling, punctuation, a certain amount of mathematics, and much skill. The classes have made great progress this year. They improved their work with experience, and some very nice jobs were turned out. All of the school's printing was done by the students, and they certainly were kept busy turning out first class work. An extra amount of printing was added this year to the department on account of there being two graduation classes instead of only one as in former years.

The school paper, *El Centinela*, is printed in the classes each week. *El Centinela* was at first printed in an outside office in town, but now it is composed and printed in the I. U. H. S. shop. In this way the students learn to make up the paper and set advertisements as well as to feed the cylinder press.

The interest shown by the student body in this department has helped a great deal to make it a success. The classes throughout the year have printed little cards and passed them around, advertising the games or plays of the school, and thus in many ways printed matter has come into the hands of the student body to be favorably commented on.

Every year the department is becoming of more value to the school. Much good hard work has been put into it by the instructor to build up the plant and keep it running smoothly, and the student body and Board of Trustees have cooperated in every way to make it a success. The classes also helped in any way that they could, and the year's work shows the interest that was taken.



Commercial Department

The click of typewriters, the mysterious red lines in bookkeeping ledgers, the strange hieroglyphics of shorthand, the whirs of adding machines, queer business phrases—don't they all hold a sort of fascination for you? And because there are so many who have had no opportunity to explore the interesting possibilities of the commercial department, in this short article we want to tell you a little bit about what the department is doing.

This year, with a teacher added to the staff and with new equipment, we have been very proud of the department itself and of the students it has turned out.

It is hard to know where to begin to tell you about the work, but perhaps the best place to begin will be the bookkeeping classes. In the first year the students learn the fundamental principles of accounting and do a good deal of actual work such as the student will have to do when he is holding down a position. In the second year the more complicated and technical knowledge is studied, which makes the student well equipped for a position. This year machine bookkeeping has been added to the course of study; this teaches the pupil the operation of the bookkeeping machines, which are being used more and more.

In commercial law the student is taught the essential parts of business law that will help him to run his own business or someone's else in the best way. The course does not pretend to make a lawyer out of the student, but he learns enough so that his need for a lawyer, in a good many cases, will be avoided.

In salesmanship the principles of "selling oneself and one's product" are made clear, and the pupil is given practical lessons in the art of salesmanship.

In business English the best forms of every day English that are used in the business world are learned.

Typing and shorthand together form the training necessary for the stenographer. In typing the first year is spent in learning the key-board and other parts of the machine, and after that speed is developed. In shorthand special stress is laid upon transcribing the work, because that is by far the most important part.

In filing the different methods of keeping business records are studied and discussed, so that this course equips the student for a position as file clerk.

Elementary business training is offered to freshmen as a foundation for the rest of the commercial work later.

I. U. H. S. has always been proud of its school officers and this year was no exception. As usual the auditor, the Student Body store manager, and the Secretary of Treasury were recommended by the commercial department, and they all did their part to make this year's administration such a successful one. The office has also had valuable assistance in its work from the advanced commercial students.



Commercial Contest

The annual Southern California Commercial Contest was held at Fremont High School in Los Angeles, April 30. Almost all the high schools in the southern part of the state were represented. Inglewood entered four teams. Representing us in the bookkeeping division were Catherine Low, Helen Richardson, Marjorie Edwards, Gladys Keller, and Josephine Munger. The substitutes were Nona Darsey and Isabelle Mayo. In the unlimited typing team were Gladys Wampler, Jessie Hardcastle, Lee Trust, and Genevieve Munger. The second year team had as its members Ruth Chidester, Jessie Walters, Marie Beckner, and Bernice Bills. The first year team was composed of Virginia Cain, Natalean Schornstein, John Langhans, Dorothy White, and Frank Quinn.

Saturday, May 7, at the University of Southern California the California typing contest was held. In this contest we competed with schools from all over the state. We were represented by Ruth Chidester and Jessie Walters in the second year team and Natalean Schornstein, Bertha Myers, John Langhans, Virginia Cain, Elva Bogart, Frank Quinn, and Dorothy White in the first year team.

Ruth Chidester, with an accuracy record of 67 words a minute for fifteen minutes with but one error for the entire fifteen minutes, won the distinction for I. U. H. S. of being the first school in Southern California to win a state typing trophy.

Natalean Schornstein, with an accuracy record of 42 words with 2 errors, won the medal for the highest accuracy record in the southern section of first year typing. Bertha Myers also wrote a perfect fifteen minute test.

Altogether we feel that the school has a right to be proud of our commercial students and what they did for us at the contest.



STATE TYPING TROPHY



FIRST WINTER CLASS—1927
 DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL—HOME-COMING DAY, FEBRUARY 22
 BAY LEAGUE STUDENT BODY FORUM
 PRESENTATION OF MEMORIAL—HOME-COMING DAY, FEBRUARY 22



Alumni

The Alumni Association of Inglewood Union High School, under the leadership of Mrs. Pauline Farmer Olsen, president, has accomplished much during the past year. The annual banquet for the class of 1926 was held in June of that year, and a scholarship of one hundred dollars was presented to Violet Isaacs, valedictorian.

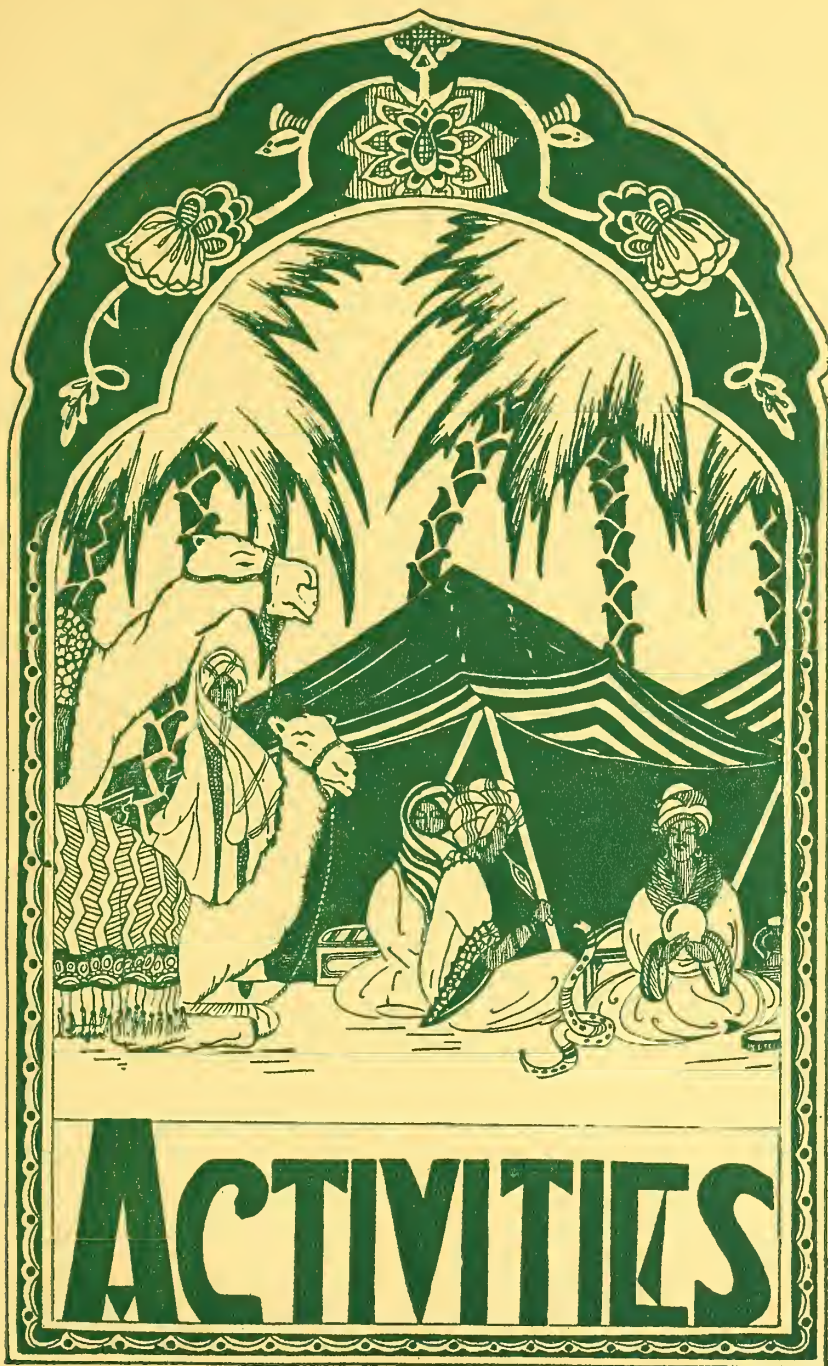
The annual home-coming was held February 22nd by the Student Body, and was featured by the unveiling of the memorial sun-dial, dedicated to the Liberty Boys of Inglewood High School by Mask and Sandal, past alumni dramatics organization. The sun dial is situated on the corner of the campus at Manchester and Grevillea streets. It is a fitting expression of gratitude to the group, and of reverence for the four gold stars which appear among the number.

Home-coming was further distinguished by having the greatest attendance which has marked any similar occasion. The baby show was especially notable for numbers, and certainly was exceptional in quality. The student body was organized to give the alumni every consideration, and provided a clever, entertaining program in the afternoon, during which the class of '26 presented a bust of Lincoln to the school. The annual mid-year banquet and dance followed.

The inauguration of mid-year graduation has made it necessary to decrease slightly the scholarship offered to each graduating class, but it is hoped to offer one hundred dollars to each class. The scholarship was not claimed by the winter class of 1927, which insures the June class of the regular amount.

As the Green and White goes to press, plans are under way for the annual June banquet for 1927, which promises to be the largest in point of numbers which has yet been held.

The cooperation and understanding between the Alumni Association and the student body is increasing year by year, to the mutual advantage of both organizations and the strengthening of a greater Inglewood Union High School.







Society

Ho for society! "All work and no play makes John a dull boy," an old adage which will serve as a chronicle, plus editorial comment, on the activities of the different classes and organizations of our dear old school.

The class of W'27, which was the first mid-year class to be graduated from I. U. H. S., left the school amid a flare of parties and banquets. They are alumni now, so we will deal with them as befits their station.

They held a masked ball in the beginning of the year. The girls' "gym" was honored by their presence.

On dress up day an immigration office was the scene of great activity; it was all very queer as the immigration office was in the auditorium. The big feature of this event was the variety of language. Seniors always were "keen" on dead matter—including languages.

Their banquet was held in February, just before graduation. It was a Heinz Pickle Party, as fifty-seven varieties were represented in the "grads." Of course it was a very formal affair; that is, naturally deducted from the very proper name given the gathering.

Now for the "scrubs," er—rather—freshmen, you know—the class of 1930! These children held a hard-time party and just had a screamingly glorious time with toy balloons and Indian caps! Never mind, darlings, you'll be seniors by and by!

W'30 graduates held a Hallowe'en party, and as they were all shouting as they left the affair, we suppose they enjoyed it.

The sophomore class of '29 held a farce track meet during their hard-time party, and the evening was a success, according to those who attended.

The February graduates of 1929 gave a costume party just before Christmas and are still exclaiming over the "bully" time they had.

And now the class of '28, next year's grown ups! The senior study hall was their gathering place, and it might have been a barn from all appearances, as the girls were garbed in gingham aprons and the boys in overalls. A hilarious time was had, judging from the noise.



Winter '28 graduates "threw" a costume party, and these under-classmen forgot their dignity long enough to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Now for the seniors — the magnificent class of '27 — the class that intends to conquer the world, uphold future generations, and give birth to a new era of intellectuality! And they'll do it, too! These cherubs held their dress-up day, and the school became a veritable Hollywood. Directors and cameramen and actors "did their stuff" on the campus and in the auditorium. There was no doubt about its being a success.

The senior breakfast was a very "summery" affair. The girls blossomed out in little gingham and fluffy organdy dresses; simplicity and beauty were the key-notes.

The senior banquet was also a glorious success. Style and Society walked hand in hand at this affair, and the little Jester, Fun, followed in their wake. And then the "prom"—er—the promenade, rawther! You know—the senior dance. This was the first senior dance held at school for many a moon, and despite their inexperience (?) the seniors "did it brown."

Enough! enough! let them depart in peace with Daddy Green's original blessing lighting their way. Oh! have you not heard it? "This is the finest class I have ever graduated from Inglewood High School," said Mr. George M. Green, our blessed Daddy!

For goodness sakes! We almost forgot the social activities of the clubs of which we are so proud!

It was the Girls' Athletic Association's turn to give a banquet, and the boys Big "I" club were the guests of honor, as has always been the tradition. Just ask our athletes if they didn't enjoy the "spread" an' every little thing!

Dinners and banquets were given for, and in honor of, our various teams that won championships, while the different clubs have recounted their own doings.

This is enough pleasure for one year! Just "gobs" of other things happened, but why cause the anticipation of coming generations to mount too high at the story of our high school activities! It will give them a superiority complex, and that would never do.





CALENDAR

As the Green and White went to press on the morning of April 30, 1926, you have not heard from me for a year, but I have still kept up my good work and stuck to the job, so I shall continue.

Mr. Diary

APRIL

30—The Sentinels humbled the Venice Oarsmen in a pitcher duel to the tune of 2 to 0. The Venetian tennis team journeyed over here to Inglewood and suffered defeat, 9-0.

MAY

1—"Jackrabbit" Ferguson, representing Inglewood, added another laurel to his belt by winning the mile in the Southern California meet at the Coliseum in the time of 4:33.8. The Inglewood girls overwhelmed their opponents in the Girls' Field Day contest staged at Compton.

6—The orchestra made its annual debut this evening. The glee club and junior chorus also appeared.

8—The green and white clad Ferguson won the mile in the state meet.

14—Many varieties of costumes appeared at the girls' high jinks.

15—Two of Inglewood's prides, Ferguson and J. Howell, placed in the A. A. U. The class C water-dogs outsplashed Redondo, 22-18. The Sentinels took the Bay League frosh-soph meet at Compton.

29—The faculty nine took a fast game of 9-6 from the seniors.

JUNE

1—The class C swimming team won from Pasadena.

2—The heavy-weight football squad won the first practice battle, with Alhambra as their opponent. Inglewood is expected to turn out a championship team in the fall.

18—School let out today. What a grand and glorious feeling vacation is after all!



SEPTEMBER

13—School started today, even if it was the thirteenth. Everyone seems tickled to death to get back.

17—The football teams look very hopeful, judging from their practice with Gardena and Torrance this afternoon.

21—The roll-call representatives were sworn into their new offices to meet the problems for this semester. The Sentinel "Bees" shut out the Hollywood eleven in a pre-league game with a final score of 25, while the Hollies scored a perfect goose-egg.

23—Coach Dick Arnett's "Thundering Herd" trimmed Alhambra 24-0 in a practice game.

24—The heavy pigskin-maulers played Alhambra to a scoreless tie. The "Midgets" scrimmaged with the Manual Arts eleven.

28—The scrappy Sentinel lightweights scrimmaged L. A. High to a 6-6 tie.

OCTOBER

1—The Sentinel heavy gridders kicked the Poly squad in the dust and walked over them in a 13-0 practice game.

The class B squad walked off with their game with the Pedro babies 13-6 in their first Bay League tangle. The fly-weights lost, 6-0.

8—The Sentinel heavies defeated the San Pedro wharf-rats 17-13 before crowded grandstands.

12—The students celebrated Columbus Day in the auditorium. The freshmen girls were welcomed by the Girls' League.

14—In a hectic grid battle the Sentinel lights won a 14-13 victory over Redondo.

15—The Sentinel tribe outfoxed the Redondo fishermen heavies 17-7.

21—Huntington Park won from our lightweights.

22—Hopelessly deadlocked, the H. P. Spartans and the Sentinel heavies netted a blank score.

28—The Compton lights scored a 13-0 victory over the Sentinel youngsters.

29—At a Hallowe'en party the 9A's were transformed into witches and ghosts. The winter class of '27 had a masquerade party. The Compton Lions walloped the Sentinel heavies 14-0.



SCHOOL COMICS

1. WHERE'S YOUR PERMIT? WHY AINT YA IN CLASS?-- WHERE YA GOIN? WHY YA HERE? WHATS YOUR NAME? YES I GUESS ILL HAVE TO GIVE YA A SUMMONS--

2. NOT SO DUSTY--EH?

One Has To Watch Out For The New Control Committee

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WAS A FIFTY-FIFTY PROPOSITION THIS YEAR-- THE GIRLS OVER SOCKS AND-- THE BOYS TWO TONE CORDS-- TWO STRICTLY ORIGINAL FADS OF THIS

3. IMPRESSION ON THE ALUMNI HOME COMING DAY

BEFORE

AND

AFTER

During The Rainy Season

2. WHY YES-- GO UP HERE TO THE TENTH FLOOR-- TURN TO YOUR LEFT-- WALK THREE FEET NORTH, COME DOWN TO THE TWELTH FLOOR-- ETC--

OH! MISTER COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE BUILD NINE IS?

Notice 2

Directions For Freshmen-- BUILDING ONE-- TWO BLOCKS NORTH OF THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SOUTH FLOOR OF THE SCIENCE BUILDING-- BUILD. TWO-- ONE BLOCK SOUTH

Was The Famous War Cry Of The Freshmen The Day After The Mid Term

Impression On The Alumni Home Coming Day

PARKING LIMITS ALL DAY

NEW! NEW!

LOT FOR SALE INQUIRE WITHIN

TAKE OFF THE GRASS

South Ground TRAFFIC ONLY

TAKE OFF THE GRASS

Griffen

A MIXTURE OF THESE CAKE EATERS MAKE SPLENDID DOUGH FOR A PIE CRUST

Senior Junior Soph Fresh

A PROUD FATHER FROM THE CLASS OF '17



NOVEMBER

1—The Sentinel B squad triumphed over the Fremonters 42-0 in a practice game. The boys' new swimming pool was put into service after many months of anxious waiting.

4—The Sentinels were placed on the short end of a 21-0 score in a class B grid game with Santa Monica.

5—The score 2-0 was the result of a place kick by the Sentinels in a crucial contest with the Samohi heavies.

7-13—Education Week was celebrated by the entire student body in the form of assemblies.

11—Class C lost to Woodrow Wilson in a hard fought game of 7-6. The Sentinel babes came, saw, and conquered Wilson's wood-row, meaning the Presidents, 22-0.

18—The Sentinel lightweights took another poke in the nose from Venice. When the Gondoliers were through paddling them, the score was 15-7.

27—El Centro was romped upon by the Sentinel heavy squad in the inter-league elimination contest for the Southern California grid title 18-0.

DECEMBER

4—Coach Badenoch's "Mud-Hens" slaughtered the Long Beach Jackrabbits by 7-0.

7—G. Christopher, a baritone, entertained the students at a special pay assembly.

Displaying good pre-season form, the Sentinel A and B casaba squads trounced Fremont 18-12 for the heavies, and 25-8 for the lights.

11—The heavyweight gridders wized the wiz out of the Burbank Wizards 14-13 at the Coliseum. We are climbing the ladder of fame fast.

18—The Covina Colts went unbridled at the end of the game with the Sentinel heavies 0 and Covina 7.



JANUARY

6—As a fitting climax for the close of a most successful season the heavyweights were given a banquet.

11—The Sentinel C and B hoop-ringers took the Jack Rabbits' hides from Long Beach by the scores 12-9 and 22-20 respectively.

13—The fighting Inglewood "Dees" smeared their H. P. opponents 20-9.

14—R. W. Fenton, talking from his own experience, spoke on "Does Crime Pay?"

Auspiciously initiating the Bay League basketball season on the home courts, the class B team walloped H. P. by a score of 15-8. Class C downed the Spartan casaba team 20-10. The heavies lost 10-25 on our own camp grounds in the first game of the hoop season.

18—Senior A dress-up day was celebrated by dressing like immigrants.

20—The class B basketballers went on to victory over Samohi, 19-10. The "Midgets" showed plenty of skill in a pretty game with Samohi, 13-4.

20-21—The Inglewood arguers suffered a double defeat at the hands of Compton.

21—The heavyweight hoopsters were nosed out by Samohi, 22-17.

21-22—"We've Got to Have Money," by the dramatics class, proved a great success.

22—The coaches entertained the Class A football boys at a dinner. The lightweights are headed for the banner by downing Santa Monica 29-20.

27—The D team surrendered to the Compton Lions, 19-11. The class C outfit advanced another step for the League flag by trimming Compton 13-6. The Compton Lions received a woozy game dropped into their claws by the heavies in an erratic contest to the tune of 11-8.

28—The lightweights lost to the Comptonites, 29-25.

30—Com. M. M. Witherspoon, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, delivered the graduating sermon to the mid-year class.





FEBRUARY

1—Victory smiled on the class B cagesters with the Pedro Pirates, 23-19. The Pedro heavies won a close game from the Sentinels, 14-12.

2—Student body elections were held. The mid-year grad class gave their class night exercises.

3—The Sentinel quintet made the Pedro Pirate tinies walk the plank while they rang the hoop 22 to the latter's 9. The C team moved closer to the championship by defeating the Black and Gold of Pedro.

4—Rain! Rain! Jupe Pluvius is shedding many tears lately. Everything is all gooey and soapish like. The class of W'27 left I. U. H. S. with high honors!

10—An anti-cigarette talk was made to the boys by James A. Walton. The Girls' League met and heard a talk by a lady physician. The "Dees" won a big score from the W. W. Bear Cubs, 22-7.

11—Lincoln's Birthday was celebrated. The lights trimmed and put on the finishing touches to the Bears by a score of 16-5. Santa Monica defeated the Sentinels unanimously in a blab contest.

16—The new representatives were called to the first session of the semester.

17—Pres. Studebaker of La Verne College gave an address to the students. Inglewood's class A polo team showed potential power over H. P. with a score of 22-7.

18—The Redondo fishermen were sunk in a hoop fest by the Sentinel D's, 13-10. The class B quintet won from the Redondo basketball crew 20-16. The heavies are heading for the cellar fast with the aid of the jinx by losing to Redondo 12-10. Inglewood's tiny team of C's defeated Redondo 14-19, making the championship chances higher.

21—The heavies broke the charm by a victory over the Pasadena Tigers, 21-18. The Tigers clawed the lights in a practice game by a close score of 19-20.

22—The class A's were defeated by the Trojan water-babies in a polo match 8-6

24—The "Midgets" won the League banner, though losing to Venice 17-18. The Venice speedy Gondoliers defeated the Sentinel B's 30-13.



MARCH

3—A sweeping victory was made when the class D team went on a rampage against Fillmore.

4—Splashing their way to a 42-2 victory, the class A polo team defeated Fullerton.

7—Burbank Day was observed by a program in the boys' gym.

10—In the first Bay League dual track meet of the year the Samohi Beach crew defeated Inglewood 65½ to 47½.

11—The Inglewood Babes were nosed out of the race in the cage game with Anaheim 6-4.

14—The girls' new swimming pool went into service.

15—Mr. Haig Arklain, artist-lecturer, spoke on fifteen "Old Masters," copied by himself. In a diamond game the Inglewood nine defeated Gardena 8 to 2.

17—The class A water polo mermen swamped Fullerton 21-8. Class C lost, 5-4.

23—The Whittier College varsity baseball team took on an 8 to 1 victory over the Sentinels.

24—Coach Carey's class A water polo team cinched second place in the League by defeating H. P. 17-12.

25—The Inglewood debaters lost two arguments with Glendale. The Inglewood track heavies dropped the meat, I mean meet, to the Lions by 59½ to 53½ at the rabbit city. The little Sentinel C. B. V. D. track artists scored over Compton 44-24.

26—In a grilling pitcher's duel with the Ventura boys Inglewood batted to victory, 4-1.

31—The C track wonders wiped out Venice 64-13.

APRIL

1-2—"Brewster's Millions," presented by the summer class of '27, proved to be a great success.

7—The tryouts for the National Oratorical Contest were held before the juniors and seniors.

8—Smith Damron, a famous potter-lecturer, gave an interesting demonstration of his art.

9-18—We enjoyed the spring vacation immensely.

22—We won the first Bay League baseball game from Woodrow Wilson, 4-2. The Inglewood boys' tennis team defeated Woodrow Wilson, 6-3.

28—The La Verne College Girls' Glee Club gave a program.

The senior A's had dress-up day in the form of movie stars.

Made Hollywood look sick.

29—The base-ball team defeated Redondo, 13-2.

The tennis team defeated the Fishermen, 9-0.

MAY

2—Redlands University gave an entertainment for the juniors and seniors.

6—The Green and White is off for the press this morning for a better and peppier book than ever was published before.



PUBLICITY STAFF

EL CENTINELA

EDITORIAL STAFF

one hundred twenty-seven]



Exchanges

Ah, our exchange department has grown considerably since last year, and we of I. U. H. S. wish to extend our sincerest gratitude to the schools that have exchanged with us this year. The annuals are very interesting, and we feel that the cooperation in exchanging is a benefit to the schools.

First we open *THE PILOT* from REDONDO. A very nice book. Your snaps of baby days are rather unique.

Here is *BLACK AND GOLD* coming from SAN PEDRO. Yours is a neatly arranged book, and your stories are well worth reading.

The *BREATH OF OCEAN* is an interesting book. Your exchange department is fine. More success to FORT BRAGG.

Now we pick up *EL RECUERDO* of HUNTINGTON PARK. The class departments are good, especially the senior section.

Oh, boy! Here's *BURBANK'S CERALBUS*. Rather nice, we think. We like your well arranged book. Your pictures are very neat.

The *WHIRLWIND* from ALBANY HI, OREGON, is an extremely well planned annual. We like the photographs of your state.

Oh, see! Here we have *LA ENCINA* from OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE. Thank you for the exchange. We find your book very interesting. Your Campus Life and sports held our attention.

Here we gaze upon *THE METATE* of POMONA COLLEGE. We also wish to thank you for your exchange, because we feel that we become better acquainted with college through your books. Your classes and athletics are interesting. Your college humor is good.

The *SHASTA DAISY* from SHASTA COUNTY is a clever book. We like your arrangement of senior pictures. Your organizations are well planned. Hope you have a larger exchange next year.

From DOWNEY HI we have *THE SUMMARY*. The proof of your fine workmanship is shown in the representation of your departments. They are very well written up.

"Where the cool winds blow and the big trees grow" from up in REDWOOD CITY there comes the *SEQUOYA*. The Indian designs throughout your book make it one of the most attractive annuals we have this year. Your Legends are very interesting. Good luck to the exchange department.

The *PORCUPINE* comes from REEDLEY JOINT HI. We like the cover of your annual. The cuts are good and neatly arranged. How about an exchange department next year?

Now we come upon *CADUCEUS* from CHICO HI. Yours is a nice book. The division pages are very attractive. We think your Radio Plays a very novel idea.

Here's *PLEIADES* of FULLERTON. Your classes are well represented, especially the senior class. Glad to see your exchange.

Let's inspect *THE SPECTRUM* of COMPTON. A good book. We like the representation of your athletics and organizations. Your pictures are very attractive, and your cuts are neatly arranged.

Hello, *MANUAL*! Your *ARTISIAN* has plenty of good stories, and your games and society are well written up. But where is your exchange department? Why not have one? Good luck.

SACRAMENTO JUNIOR COLLEGE sends us their *PIONEER*. A neat book and well planned. Your literary work is something to be proud of.

[one hundred twenty-eight







GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Amazons of I. U. H. S. have fought valiantly through the year, and in the struggle many marceles and "school girl complexions" have been completely demolished. The reason for all this sweat and strife is for the supremacy of their class teams, membership in the G. A. A., and, last but not least, the desire to be the honored team at the seasonal "feed." This "feed" is a new thing in the athletic department. It is sponsored by the G. A. A., and is given at the end of each season in honor of the champion team.

Volley Ball

Volley ball, though usually considered to be the least popular of the girls' sports, proved quite successful this year. Over a hundred girls came out, and under the able direction of the Misses Strohl, Bartlett, and Gudmunsen, some very good teams were organized.

The games and their scores are as follows:

Junior—Senior 15-8, 5-15, 15-8
 Soph—Junior 15-12, 15-5
 Soph—Frosh 15-5, 15-12
 Senior—Junior 15-11, 12-15, 6-15
 Senior—Sophs 15-3, 15-14, 15-4
 Senior—Frosh 15-3, 15-3

Basket Ball

The juniors were the undefeated champions of the basket ball season. The seniors followed with a close second, which made the games exceptionally exciting. The sophomores provided some stiff competition, and the freshmen, although they failed to win a game, gave some promising evidence of good material for next year.

The most exciting game of the season was played between the juniors and the seniors. The game was very close the first half, the score being fifteen all when the whistle blew. The next half the juniors came back and won the game by a very decisive score, 31-19.

The games and their scores are as follows:

Senior—Frosh 33-7
 Junior—Soph 15-7
 Soph—Senior 17-20
 Junior—Frosh 20-7
 Frosh—Soph 6-26
 Junior—Senior 31-19



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM
WINNING VOLLEY BALL TEAMS
WINNING BASKETBALL TEAM



Hockey

Although this was only its second year at Inglewood, hockey proved to be the star sport. Part of the football field was marked off as a hockey field, and as practice progressed, even the boys became interested and admitted that the game "was not so bad."

The freshmen and sophomores, not having had much experience, were a little slow in learning the game, but they turned out some very good teams. The juniors and seniors gave promise of some stiff competition, and it was in this condition that the very exciting season was started.

The closest game was played between the seniors and sophomores, and much to the seniors' dismay, the sophs, at the end of the first half, were ahead. The last half was hard fought by both teams, and in the last minute of play the seniors won the game, thereby gaining the school championship.

The games and their scores are as follows:

Senior—Sophomores 4-2
Senior—Junior 3-2
Senior—Frosh 7-0
Junior—Frosh 4-1
Junior—Frosh 4-1
Frosh—Soph 2-5
Junior—Soph 0-3

Tennis

This year the upper classmen have proved the best source for tennis material. The freshmen and sophomores had some very good players, but more from the upper classes turned out. Out of twenty aspirants eight were chosen, and although the games have not yet been played, we expect to give our opponents some hard battles.

Baseball

As this article goes to press, the baseball season will be well started. Many girls have turned out, giving some fine material from which to choose our school team.

Swimming

The girls' swimming pool has been remodeled and is now well equipped for both participants and spectators. The pool was not completed until after the mid-year term had started, so swimming teams were not organized, but the girls have enjoyed some fine swims while practicing for next year.



SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM
WINNING HOCKEY TEAM
SCHOOL TRACK TEAM



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Class "A" Football

Although they did not win the Bay League championship crown, Coach Arthur Badenoch's fighting Sentinel football team showed conclusively that they were of championship calibre.

The League schedule ended with Venice at the top, and Inglewood and Santa Monica tied for second place. Since Venice could not play off in the Southern California championship games because of city rules, Inglewood was chosen to represent the Bay League by right of our victory over Santa Monica.

In the play-off games for the Southern California title, Inglewood showed the stuff that was in her team, and though to lose the final game was hard luck, it was no disgrace. Our squad played good, clean, hard football, and we want the whole world to know what we think of them.

SAN PEDRO 13—INGLEWOOD 17

In the first contest of the season the Inglewood Sentinels played a hard, fast, exciting game. The Pirate aerial attack was the feature of the day, and it was only by intercepting one of their forward passes that we were able to win.

REDONDO 7—INGLEWOOD 17

The team showed real strength during this fracas, carrying the ball through the Fishermen's line at will, the lone Redondo tally resulting from an intercepted pass.

HUNTINGTON PARK 0—INGLEWOOD 0

Playing their first game away from home, the Sentinels were held to a scoreless tie by the Spartans. Inglewood's offense would not function, and only the superb defense of the Sentinel line saved us from defeat.

COMPTON 14—INGLEWOOD 0

The old "jinx" hung around the squad on their second game away from home. Perhaps the absence of the regular quarter made some difference, and so far as real fight goes, the Comptonites were played off their feet. However, the lucky breaks were theirs, and so ended the game.

SANTA MONICA 0—INGLEWOOD 3

Santa Monica came to Inglewood to trounce the Sentinels and avenge last year's defeat. They were disappointed. A place kick in the third quarter gave Inglewood the edge, which she held until the final gun.

WOODROW WILSON 0—INGLEWOOD 22

It was wonderful weather for ducks. In Lake Badenoch the Sentinel crew showed that they could paddle their own canoe by beating the Bears decisively. Nevertheless the boys from Woodrow Wilson put up a good hard fight. It was no walkaway.

VENICE 0—INGLEWOOD 0

In the last League game, the Sentinels staged a contest worthy of much praise. The team fought the heavier Gondoliers to a scoreless tie on their own field. It was a hard fight, but the squad could not get the ball over for the score that would mean the championship.



EL CENTRO 0—INGLEWOOD 18

Playing the first game of the Southern California play-offs on our own field, the Sentinels won handily. The Valley champs were at a loss because of the muddy condition of the field, but they put up a good fight for the game. Their star fullback played a stellar game both offensively and defensively.

LONG BEACH 0—INGLEWOOD 7

In the second play-off game the Sentinels traveled to Long Beach and engaged the Jack Rabbits on their own field, which was a veritable sea of slippery mud.

The first part of the game was a punting duel, the ball see-sawing back and forth between the two teams. A bad punt out of bounds gave our squad a chance to score, which they did on straight football tactics. However, it was not until the end of the game that the Coast League champs were convinced that we were the better team.

BURBANK 13—INGLEWOOD 14

The ambitions of several Inglewood stars were fulfilled in this contest, the game being played in the Coliseum. Having played ten straight games in as many weeks, our team was rather stale and lacked the usual punch and fight. It was due to a strong defense and the ability to follow the ball that the game was won. It was a wonderful game, hard-fought and won by a narrow margin. Let it be mentioned here that Burbank was the first team to score against us in six games.

COVINA 7—INGLEWOOD 0

In the deciding game for the Southern California championship at the Coliseum, the effects of the long, strenuous season showed up. In the second half the Sentinel line weakened before the Covina attack, and the Colts made their lone tally. Inglewood fought hard but could not make the grade. Thus ended the most successful football season Inglewood ever had.

Sweaters were awarded to the players for their victories. The following are those who received the sweaters and letters: Captain Jere Smith, two stars; Wilbur Brown, two stars; Floyd Matson, two stars; Oliver Temple, two stars; Cliff Ograin, two stars; Earl Rees, two stars; Milton Quincey, two stars; Ed Crane, Captain-elect Benny Shaffer, Mike Steponovich, Les Cannon, Walt Diffley. Dan Hodge, Ralph Tone, Harry Wallace, Stan Voges, Geo. Buchanan, Red Holling, Bill Albany, Alex Sherman, Harry Sargent, and Manager Art Badenoch.

SEMI-FINALS

NOV. 20	NOV. 27	DEC. 4	DEC. 11	DEC. 18	DEC. 24	DEC. 18	DEC. 11
COLTON-7 VS FULLERTON-14	POMONA-2 VS ANAHEIM-0	POMONA-0 VS COVINA-25	COVINA BYE				LODI-16 VS BAKERSFIELD-14
SANTA MARIA-6 VS BURBANK-7	BURBANK-9 VS OXNARD-0	BURBANK BYE	IUHS-14 VS BURBANK-13	COVINA-7 VS SCAL IUHS-0	COVINA-0 X SAN MATEO-20	LODI-14 N CAL VS SAN MATEO-40	SAN MATEO BYE
EL CENTRO-13 VS SWEETWATER-3	IUHS-18 VS EL CENTRO-0	IUHS-7 VS LONG BEACH-0					

FINAL

FOOT BALL 1926



CLASS A TRACK TEAM
ROOTING SECTION AT COVINA GAME—COLISEUM
CLASS A FOOTBALL TEAM
SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM



Lightweight Football

With only two returned lettermen around which to build a team, not much was to be expected of Coach Dick Arnett's lightweights this year. The team displayed lots of fight throughout the season, each game being packed with thrills and good football.

SAN PEDRO VS INGLEWOOD

Traveling to San Pedro, our "B" team made the Pirates walk the plank with the short end of a 13 to 6 score. The first score was made in the second quarter, when an Inglewood man scooped up a fumble and ran seventy yards for a touchdown. The other Inglewood touchdown was made in the third period. The Pirates made their only tally in the fourth quarter after a series of forward passes.

REDONDO VS INGLEWOOD

Drowning the Redondo Fishermen in their own backyard was no simple matter. The Redondoites scored in the first quarter on forward passes, and Inglewood came back in the same period to put one over for a tying score. Inglewood scored again in the third quarter on live bucks, and again Redondo opened up an aerial attack that scored a touchdown. Only the splendid work of the Sentinel line prevented the extra tally, the game ending with the score 14 to 13 in Inglewood's favor.

INGLEWOOD VS HUNTINGTON PARK

The old "jinx" was very much in evidence in this game. Two fumbles gave the Spartans a twelve-point lead, and in the second quarter they put over another tally. Between halves Coach Arnett put some pep into the team, and they out-fought the Parkers the whole second half. The lone Sentinel score was made in the third period. The final score was 18 to 6 in favor of Huntington Park.

INGLEWOOD VS COMPTON

Inglewood could not get started in this game. A fumble gave the Lions their first opportunity to score, and then a blocked punt enabled them to make it 13 to 0. The Sentinels were prevented from scoring the last quarter by the gun.

INGLEWOOD VS SANTA MONICA

The Sentinels journeyed to Santa Monica to receive the worst trimming of the season. The game was entirely lacking in pep, speed, and teamwork. Santa Monica scored twice in the first half and once in the last half. The final score was 21 to 0 in favor of Samohi.

WOODROW WILSON VS INGLEWOOD

In a trip to Long Beach the lightweights broke the "jinx" long enough to skin the Bears. The game was hard fought throughout, Inglewood scoring in the first, second, and fourth quarters, and the Bears, in the first and last. The game ended 21 to 12 in our favor.

INGLEWOOD VS VENICE

The Gondoliers paddled their way to a hard-earned victory on Badenoch Field in the last game of the season. The Sentinels made their only touchdown early in



the first quarter, holding the lead until the half ended. In the second half Venice came back fighting and scored two touchdowns and a field goal, making the final score a 15 to 7 victory.

Those who received letters were:

Capt. Gibson, Ashburn, Bolger, Dray, Blackmer, Gooch, Griggs, Drumm, Minch, Marsh, Jefferson, McAlpine, Mills, Fox, O'Connor, Needham, Livingston, and Young, Manager.

Class "C" Football

Even though the class C football team failed to win a game, they certainly showed how they could fight. The smallest team in the League and handicapped by lack of weight, the "C's" had no chance. Next year it will be a different story.

There were but five midget teams in the League, and the results of the games were: San Pedro 6—Inglewood 0; Woodrow Wilson 7—Inglewood 6; Huntington Park 28—Inglewood 0; Compton 33—Inglewood 0; Santa Monica 58—Inglewood 0.

Those receiving letters were: Capt. Billy Shaw, R. Boyd, J. Bowden, Wm. Bowler, D. Chase, D. Clithero, M. Cerrito, L. Derry, L. Erickson, B. Schnieder, G. Schroeder, W. Jolley, V. Gmur, D. Spellman.

Class "A" Basketball

Playing the part of the hard-luck team of the League, the Sentinel heavyweights failed to win a game. The long football season doubtless had some effect, for the team practiced but a week before their first game.

The Sentinels fought hard in every game, losing all but one in the final minutes of play or in a necessary extra period. The resulting scores were: Huntington Park 25—Inglewood 10; Santa Monica 28—Inglewood 25; Compton 11—Inglewood 9; San Pedro 14—Inglewood 12; Woodrow Wilson 17—Inglewood 14; Redondo 12—Inglewood 10; Venice 18—Inglewood 17.

Those who received letters are: Captain Howard Bush, Cliff Ograin, Stanley Voges, Raymond Cooper, Robert Wilkins, Edworth Carrier, and Clarence White.

Class "B" Basketball

The Sentinel lightweights certainly were the hard-luck team of the League. Because Inglewood unwittingly played an ineligible man, the Sentinels were forced to forfeit three games at a time when championship hopes were highest.

HUNTINGTON PARK 8—INGLEWOOD 15

On our own floor, the Sentinel casaba tossers tossed their way to victory over the Spartan team in the initial game of the season. The game was fast and well played with Inglewood leading all the way.



SANTA MONICA 20—INGLEWOOD 29

The second game of the season was won by the lightweights when they traveled to Ocean Park and trimmed the Samohi squad. The game was close with the score see-sawing back and forth between the teams until the final minutes of play.

COMPTON 29—INGLEWOOD 25

The Compton "Bees" took the lead early in the first half, and although the Sentinels rallied strongly, they could not overcome the four point advantage.

SAN PEDRO 19—INGLEWOOD 22

Traveling to San Pedro, the Sentinels registered another victory by defeating the Pirates. The green-shirted lads took the lead from the start, and even one of the well-known Pirate rallies failed to win the game for Pedro.

WOODROW WILSON 5—INGLEWOOD 16

The Pea-greeners went to Woodrow Wilson and showed the Bears how to play basketball. Although the Bears tried hard, the Sentinels were too experienced for them, and Inglewood chalked up another win.

REDONDO 16—INGLEWOOD 20

The Redondo Fishermen thought that they had Inglewood in deep water at half time when they led by eight points, but the Sentinel crew came through with enough digits to win. Good basket shooting featured this game.

VENICE 30—INGLEWOOD 13

The old Inglewood spirit was lacking in this game, and the Sentinels let the league-leading Gondoliers win decisively. The game was fast, but the determination to win was lacking.

The Sentinel lettermen are: Capt. Geo. O'Connor, 3 stars; Lloyd Jones, 2 stars; Harold Thomas, Duncan McAlpine, Paul Griggs, Adelbert Needham, and Kenneth Watts.

Class "C" Basketball

The class "C" team tied for first place in the League percentage column with Venice, but because we lost to the Gondoliers, they were awarded the banner. However, the season was successful, and the squad is to be commended for its fight and spirit.

The season's results were:

Huntington Park 10—Inglewood 17
 Santa Monica 10—Inglewood 19
 Compton 6—Inglewood 13
 San Pedro 5—Inglewood 15
 Woodrow Wilson 11—Inglewood 7
 Redondo 9—Inglewood 14
 Venice 17—Inglewood 9

Those who received letters were: Capt. Nix, 2 stars; Gmur, 2 stars; Apfel, 2 stars; Weeks, 2 stars; Erickson, and Nutting.

[one hundred thirty-eight



CLASS A BASKETBALL TEAM
CLASS B FOOTBALL TEAM
CLASS D BASKETBALL TEAM
Bay League Champions

CLASS B BASKETBALL TEAM
CLASS C FOOTBALL TEAM
CLASS C BASKETBALL TEAM



Class "D" Basketball--Bay League Champs

Coach Gerhart's class Dee basketball had a very successful season, losing but two out of seventeen games. The Midgets took the Bay League pennant for the third consecutive time, and lost the final championship to Anaheim the second time in three years.

The team was one of the best in Inglewood's history—a hard fighting, clean playing, well-coached bunch of fellows, and a real credit to Inglewood.

INGLEWOOD 22—HUNTINGTON PARK 9

Rallying in the second half to overcome their opponents' lead, the "Dees" romped off with the first League game, played at Huntington Park.

INGLEWOOD 13—SANTA MONICA 4

Playing at home, the Sentinel squad defeated the Samohi "D's" with a fast passing game, one of the best games played at Inglewood.

INGLEWOOD 11—COMPTON 19

At Compton the Sentinel "Pee Wees" received their first defeat after leading for a quarter; the Sentinels' advantage was cut down by the Cub sharp-shooting forwards during the remaining periods.

INGLEWOOD 23—SAN PEDRO 9

The "D's" playing wonderful teamwork, the Sentinel babes won from the Pirate "D's" easily.

INGLEWOOD 22—WOODROW WILSON 7

The Woodrow Wilson Bears were shut out of the game after the second quarter began. The Sentinel second string played the last part of the game and held the Bears to a standstill.

INGLEWOOD 13—REDONDO 10

The Fishermen gave the Sentinel "Dees" a scare when they ran up eight points in the second half. However, Inglewood's representatives rallied and managed to secure a win from the Redondoites.

INGLEWOOD 16—VENICE 7

The Midgets won the Bay League banner by decisively defeating the Venice quintet in the last League game of the season. With the victory came the right to play off for the championship of Southern California.

INGLEWOOD 16—FILLMORE 7

In the first round of the play-offs the Sentinel squad journeyed to Fillmore. The Fillmore squad led by two points at half time, but during the intermission Coach Gerhart told the boys all about it, and in the last half they completely baffled the Fillmore babes.

INGLEWOOD 4—ANAHEIM 6

The final game for the Southern California championship was played at Inglewood. The Sentinel Midgets could not hit the basket during the first half, while the Orange County champs piled up a five-point lead. Although the Sentinels held Anaheim in the second half, they could not make enough points to win.

Those receiving letters and sweaters were: Capt. Billy Shaw, 2 stars; "Wally" Jolley, 2 stars; Junius Bell, 2 stars; Carlin Matson, Dayton Stutzman, and "Mike" Cerrito.

[one hundred forty



Baseball, 1926

Since the annual goes to press before the baseball season is over, it is customary to record the happenings of the season in the annual of the following year. The ball team was well balanced and made a very fair showing, winning more than fifty percent of their games. The results of the League games are:

SAN PEDRO 13—INGLEWOOD 12

The Sentinels practically had the game cinched, 11-2, in the seventh frame, but the Pirates rallied in the eighth to win the game.

REDONDO 2—INGLEWOOD 0

The Redondo pitcher was too sharp for the Sentinel lads, allowing but four scattered hits in nine innings. Errors made by the Inglewood club gave the Fishermen the game.

INGLEWOOD 2—VENICE 0

This game was a hard-fought pitchers' battle, the few hits made being scattered. The Venice pill-tosser let one of the Sentinels "lean" on the ball, and before he could recover, two runs had been slipped over.

HUNTINGTON PARK 4—INGLEWOOD 3

This was another close game, with Inglewood in the lead until the sixth inning, when the Spartans put over three runs, taking the lead and keeping it.

COMPTON 3—INGLEWOOD 2

Both teams made the same number of hits, but the Sentinel nine made a costly error. The game was close, no runs being made after the fifth frame.

INGLEWOOD 9—SANTA MONICA 6

In the last game of the season, the Inglewood ball players decided to fatten their batting averages. Samohi led until the eighth, 6-5, when the Sentinels started the merry-go-round, putting over four runs to win the game.

The lettermen were: Capt. Allison, 2 stars; Ograin, 2 stars; Tone, 2 stars; Capt.-elect Buchanan, Whitney, Quincey, Smith, Hedgpeth, Wallace, Appleton, and Whitmore.

Baseball, 1927

The old Sentinel ball club looks like a pennant-grabbing team this year. With six returned lettermen, Capt. Buchanan, Wallace, Smith, Quincey, Whitmore, and Ograin, and Coach Joe Buckmaster to pilot them, the team will go far.

So far this season the ball team has won two Bay League games, beating Woodrow Wilson 4-2, and Redondo 17-3. Both games looked mighty good and showed the club to good advantage. That their next game, scheduled with Venice, and all those following may be other Sentinel victories is our fondest wish.



Class "A" Track

Lack of material prevented the Inglewood team from winning the League meet this year. Coach Dick Arnett had but $\frac{1}{8}$ of a point returning from Bay League last year, but he built up a team that took $11\frac{3}{4}$ points in this year's meet.

INGLEWOOD 20—U. C. L. A. FROSH 93

The Branch frosh were too strong for the Sentinel team, taking every first place except the mile and high jump. Minch won the mile, and Holling tied for first in the jump.

INGLEWOOD 27—LOS ANGELES HIGH 80

Taking eight first places and plenty of seconds and thirds, the Los Angeles High team walked off with this dual meet. Rees, Minch, and Jefferson took first in their events, which are the 440, mile, and pole vault, respectively.

HUNTINGTON PARK 86—INGLEWOOD 27

In a dual meet with the Spartans on their own field, the cinder-path artists of Inglewood were able to get but two first places, the mile being won by Minch, with Jefferson and Sanders taking the pole vault.

INGLEWOOD $53\frac{1}{2}$ —COMPTON $59\frac{1}{2}$

Inglewood lost a chance to win a meet when Coach Arnett sent several runners to the showers. The Sentinels took six first places and as many second places, but lost the relay and middle distance runs. Banks was high point man, taking both the 100 and the 220.

SANTA MONICA $65\frac{1}{2}$ —INGLEWOOD $47\frac{1}{2}$

Although the Samohi squad took but one more first place than the Sentinels, their second places in the dashes won the meet for them. Whitten in the 880, Hawkins in the high sticks, and Fleming in the 220 accounted for several points.

VENICE 61—INGLEWOOD 52

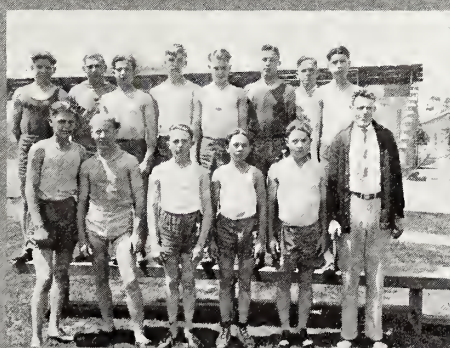
The Venetians came to Inglewood and won the dual meet mainly because they made more points than we did. Nevertheless, Rees and Whitten shone in the 880, Banks in the 100 and 220, Diffley placed in the 440, Howell and Hawkins in high and low hurdles. Hood and Sanders took a first and second in the pole vault.

In the Bay League tryouts at Huntington Park the Sentinel team placed eight men, and six more were entered in the weights and distance events. In the final meet competition was too keen for the Sentinels to take many points. Huntington Park won the meet with a score of $45\frac{1}{2}$, San Pedro second, $24\frac{3}{8}$, Santa Monica third, $23\frac{3}{8}$, Compton fourth, $19\frac{1}{2}$, Venice fifth, $12\frac{1}{2}$, Inglewood sixth, $11\frac{3}{4}$, Redondo seventh, $9\frac{1}{2}$, and Woodrow Wilson eighth with 2 points.

Our $11\frac{3}{4}$ points were made in the pole vault by Jefferson, Hood, and Sanders. Minch won the mile run, Holling took fifth in the high jump, and both Brown and Matson placed in the discus event.

In the Southern California track tryouts, Jefferson qualified in the pole vault and Minch in the mile. In the finals Minch failed to place, although tied for fourth place with five other athletes.

Next year nearly the whole squad will return, and with a good turn-out for the teams Inglewood should repeat her past performances and upset the dope by winning the Bay League championship.



CLASS A SWIMMING TEAM
CLASS C WATER POLO TEAM
CLASS C SWIMMING TEAM

CLASS A WATER POLO TEAM
BASEBALL TEAM
CLASS C TRACK TEAM



Those who receive letters are: George Jefferson, 2 stars; Capt. Ed. Crane, Capt. elect Wally Minch, Earl Rees, Wilbur Brown, Floyd Matson, "Red" Holling, Wilbur Hood, "Les" Howell, Fred Banks, Milton Bailey, and "Cal" Sanders.

Swimming

Last year the Green and White went to press before the Bay League and Southern California swimming meets were held, and only a forecast of the coming events could be made. Unluckily, the same difficulty presents itself this year also; therefore we will give the results of the past meets and give the prospects of the future.

CLASS A 1926

There was no splendid pool in which to practice swimming last year, and the mermen were naturally handicapped. However, Coach Walt Wescott worked hard with the team, and they managed to gather a few points in the Bay League meet. North placed fourth in the 100-yd. breast stroke; Boelzner won the plunge for distance, with Kincaid and Calkins taking third and fourth. Our relay team placed fourth.

The mermen who received letters were: Cook, Calkins, Boelzner, Kelly, and North.

CLASS C---SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAMPS 1926

Coach Walt Westcott was well rewarded for his efforts to turn out a championship team. Although the C swimmers did not win the Bay League meet, they managed to paddle their way to victory and a Southern California championship pennant.

In the Bay League meet Booth took second in the 50-yd. free style, and Dunnevant placed fourth. Dinwiddie won the diving event and placed in the breast stroke. In the 50-yd. backstroke swim, Booth took first, and Dunnevant second place. The relay team, composed of Booth, Dinwiddie, Dunnevant, and Flanagan, placed second, but was disqualified.

At the Southern California meet, held in Long Beach, Booth won the 50-yd. free style and the backstroke, with Dunnevant placing high in both events. Dinwiddie placed in the breast stroke and took a second in the diving. The meet was decided when the Inglewood relay team took a second place and Venice, the leading scorers, placed third.

Frank Booth deserves special mention in that he holds two Southern California records for Class C, in the 50-yd. free style and the 50-yd. backstroke. Booth comes from El Segundo, as do the other fish.

Since the C team won the Southern California championship, they were awarded sweaters and letters. Those receiving awards were: Booth, Dinwiddie, Flanagan, and Dunnevant.



Swimming 1927

The swimmers are coached by Coach Carey this year, and prospects for a very successful season are bright. The entire championship squad of 1926 returned, and many new paddlers are splashing around in the new plunge. So far the team has won several dual meets, and with the Bay League still to come, we can but hope that the boys will bring home another championship this year.

Class A Water Polo

Losing only to Venice, the champions of the League, the Sentinel waterdogs finished in second place on the water polo roster this year. The whole squad will return next year except Bob Buckley who has moved to Seattle, Washington.

Considering the fact that this year was their first in water polo, the boys showed that they are championship material. Inexperience and size lost the championship for them.

Each school played a two game series, and Inglewood won every series but the set with Venice. Results of the season are:

Huntington Park 7—Inglewood 28

Venice 18—Inglewood 8

Fullerton 7—Inglewood 41

Venice 18—Inglewood 9

Fullerton 8—Inglewood 21

Huntington Park 12—Inglewood 17

Those receiving letters are: F. Booth, Capt.; R. Daggett, R. Buckley, G. Seegar, C. Dinwiddie, E. Sargent, E. Flanagan, Wm. Dunnevant, J. Gooch, Wm. Malloy, K. Davis, and L. Simmons, Manager.

Class C Water Polo

The schools of the water polo league have decided to start a class C group next year, giving to the members of the different squads the regular awards. This year, however, each school entered a class C team for the purpose of initiating the youngsters into the game. Inglewood was well represented, our squad winning some of the contests. Next year will see a seasoned team doing their stuff for Inglewood.

Tennis

Showing championship form at the time this article went to press, the Sentinel racket-team beat Woodrow Wilson 6-3 and Redondo 9-0. The only set lost was the first singles to the Woodrow Wilson team.

At the present time the squad consists of "Chick" Nix, 1st singles; "Swede" Stanley, 2nd singles; 1st doubles, "Kenny" Watts and "Deb" Needham—2nd doubles, Paul Griggs and Bob Needham.



Class "C" Track

Finishing in fifth place in the Bay League track meet and placing five men in the Southern California try-outs, the class C track team can be said to have finished a very successful season. Only two dual meets were recorded, the results being—

INGLEWOOD 44—COMPTON 24

Woodward placed second in the 50, Van Norden and Gaines took second and third in the 100, Van Norden and Wyse took first and second in the 220, Brown and Smith took first and second in the low hurdles. This accounted for some of the points. Others were Smith and Putnam in the pole vault, Woodward in the broad jump, and a winning team in the relay.

INGLEWOOD 64—VENICE 13

Thirteen was unlucky for the Venetians. Woodward won the 50, the low hurdles, and the broad jump. Van Norden and Gaines placed first and second in the 100, and Van and Wyse placed in the 220. Gaines and Biller took the points in the shot; Smith, Shaw, and Putnam in the pole vault; Smith and Van Renssler in the high jump. We also won the relay.

When the Bay League came around, Coach Hank Gerhart's team managed to take fifth. Those who placed in the meet are Van Norden, second in the 220, and Woodward, first in the hurdles. Brown placed second but was disqualified. Smith took second in the pole vault with Shaw and Putnam tying for fifth. Gaines took third in the shot put, and the relay team placed third, which accounted for all the points.

In Southern California finals Woodward placed fourth in the 50-yard dash; and the relay team took fourth.

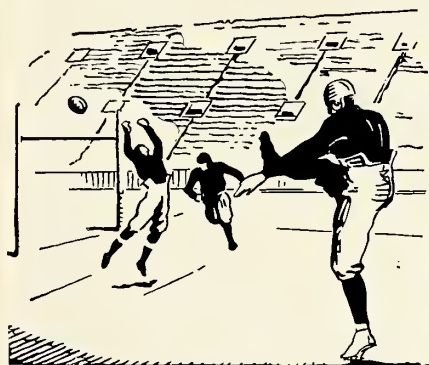
Those receiving letters are: Capt. Woodward, 2 stars; Putnam, 2 stars; Gaines, Brown, Smith, Van Norden, Shaw, Wyse, and Wilkins, Manager.





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Professor (to student)—Why are you so far behind in your studies?

Student—So I can pursue them better.

I U H S

"Where yuh goin', big boy?"

"Git outa my way—I'm muscle bound."

I U H S

"Heard the multiplication song?"

"Nope. What is it?"

"'How many times.'"

I U H S

Gee—How come you're all wet?

Whiz—I fell into a barrel of cider.

Gee—Didja get hurt?

Whiz—No, it was soft cider.

I U H S

Dumb—Will you come to a party I am giving tomorrow night?

Dumber—Sure. Is it going to be formal, or shall I wear my own clothes?

I U H S

A brain is only as strong as its weakest think.

I U H S

Did you ever hear about the absent-minded professor who poured syrup over his head and scratched his pancakes?



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Mrs. Brown—Yes. It's quite an expense, but I never want my daughter to marry.

AND NOW

Mrs. Jones—Are you going to send Jane to college?

Mrs. Brown—Yes. It's quite an expense, but surely I don't want my daughter to be an old maid.

I U H S

She's only a satchel-maker's daughter, but she sure knows every grip.

I U H S

She—Thanks for the hug and kiss!

He—The pressure was all mine.

I U H S

Shingle belles, shingle belles,
Shingle all your hair.
Don't forget to wash your neck
Or else don't leave it bare.
Shingle belles, shingle belles,
Right up to the dome.
Ain't it fun, the more you cut,
The less you have to comb?

I U H S

"I say, Algernon, why is it that the theatres are so cool in summer?"

"Egad, Horatius, it must be because of the movie fans."

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CARL MATSON

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PHONE 281

Frosh—What is the date, please?

Prof—Never mind the date. The examination is more important.

Frosh—Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

I U H S

Dumb—Had a big laugh at Harry the other night.

Belle—What happened?

Dumb—Well, after I started to walk home, he couldn't start the car and had to walk in after me.

I U H S

Hostess—What's the idea of bringing two boy friends with you?

Guest—Oh, I always carry a spare.

I U H S

Considerate Rear-driver—Herman, dear, I don't wish to intrude, but I think we have a flat tire.

I U H S

Each and every orator
In each and every speech
Always puts an "every"
With each and every "each."

I U H S

And how about the lady who thought Flaming Youth was the boy who stood on the burning deck.

I U H S

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PHONE 35

First Grad—What are you doing now?

Second Grad—Gridiron work.

First Grad—Professional?

Second Grad—No, waffle.

I U H S

Many a true word has been spoken between false teeth.

I U H S

Jack—I had to kill my dog this morning.

Jill—Was he mad?

Jack—Well, he didn't like it very well.

I U H S

There are jokes that make us laugh;
There are jokes that make us groan;
But the joke that seems most funny
Is the joke that is our own.

I U H S

Dick—There's something in my shoe that hurts.

Dock—What is it?

Dick—My foot.

I U H S

He—Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?

She—No.

He—Then we'll take a trolley.

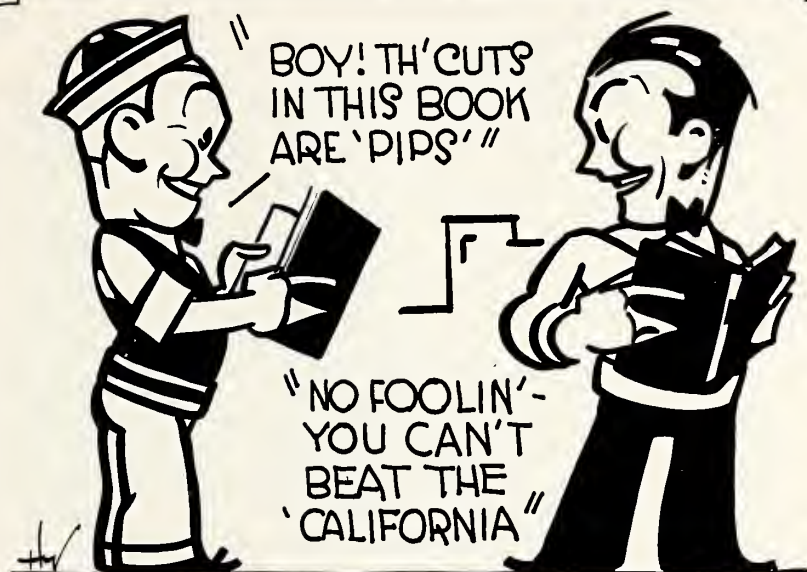
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PHONE 936-J

An optimist is a man who has lost all his front teeth and is thankful for the space to spit through.

I U H S

Luella—Why do you always keep one arm free when you neck?

Casper—Well, you see, some day I hope to own a car.

I U H S

I felt the beating of her heart,
So close was hers to mine;
We could not pry ourselves apart;
Her presence was like wine.
But still the girl I couldn't win,
So near and yet so far—
For that's the way with strangers in
A crowded trolley car.

I U H S

As the traffic cop said after arresting a speeder, "I pulled a fast one that time."

I U H S

She—Sir, remove your arm!

He—Girlie, that's not wood; it's the real thing.

I U H S

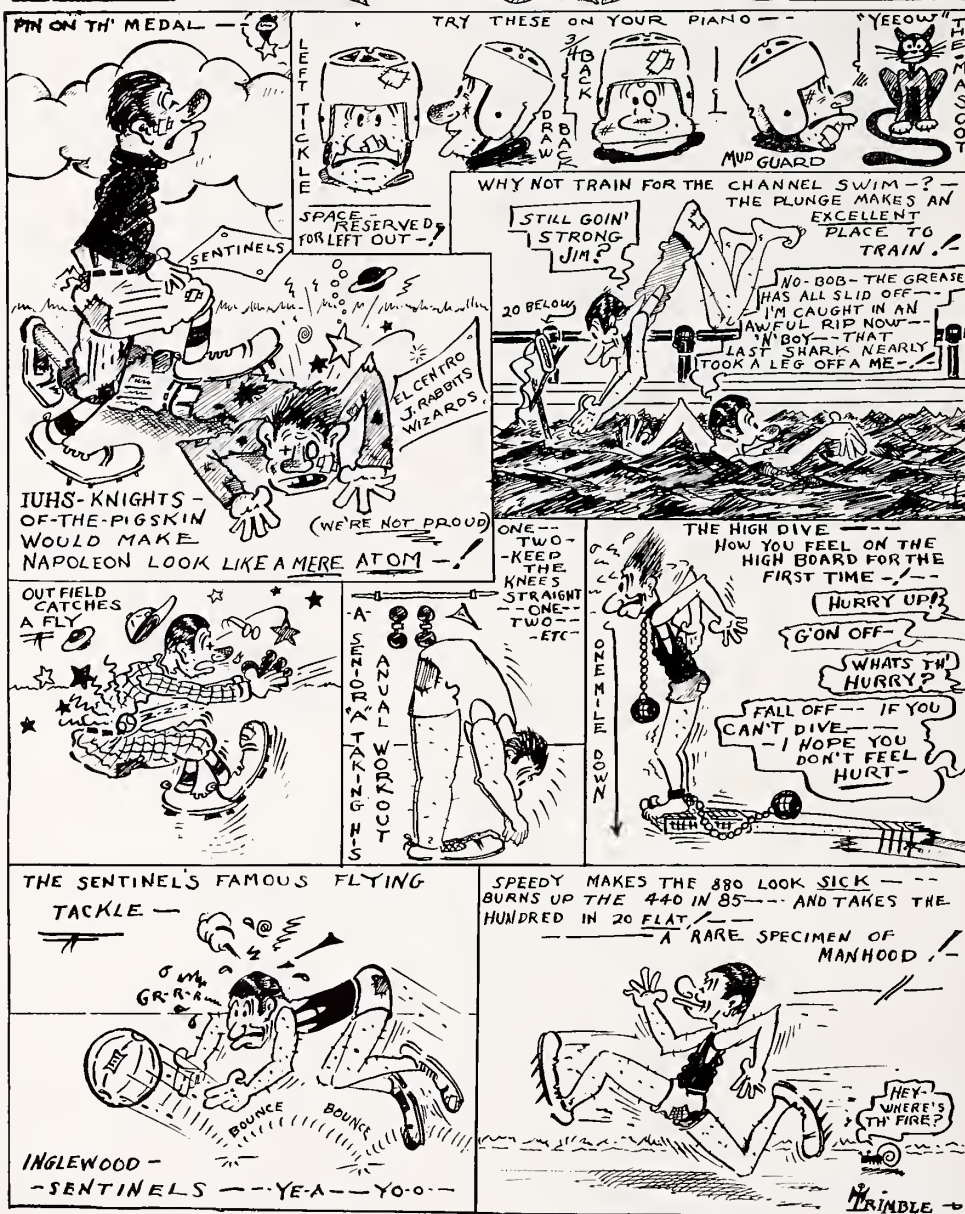
Dan H.—How's your father's horse?

Glenn M.—Just fine; how's all your folks?

I U H S

Sandy McLavish was born in this country to save the expense of the trip over.

SPORTOGRAPHS



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PHONE 437

"He done me wrong," wailed the algebra problem, as the freshman handed in his exam paper.

I U H S

May (refusing proposal)—I can't marry you; you are penniless.
Ray—That's nothing; the Czar of Russia was Nicholas.

I U H S

Soon we expect to hear that someone framed the 1918 series of the World War.

I U H S

Little Boy (in bathtub)—Whee, Papadilly, I'm a canoe!
Papadilly—Great! One more splash like that and I'll paddle you.

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"Where is your doll, dear?" asked the family visitor.

"Oh," said the infant calmly, "the boy next door has the custody of the doll, and I'm awarded three lollipops a week alimony."

I U H S

A straight line is the hardest distance between two pints.

I U H S

"Did you flunk chemistry?"

"Well rather; I got zero in the final."

"I see—one of those fellows that stops at nothing."

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"What on earth's the matter with you?" asked a neighbor.

"Practicing," said Nuwedd. "The—ah—stork is coming, you know."

I U H S

"What do you do to make a fish bite?"

"I kick him three or four times, and if he doesn't bite me after that, I twist his tail and slap him in the face."

I U H S

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The College Man—Fifteen passengers.

The Taxi Driver—A forgotten wallet once in a while.

The Flapper—Affection and respect.

I U H S

Many a fur coat hides a suit bought on credit.

I U H S

Lora—This is a clever little confession story you've written, but why did you name the man Adam?

Dora—The editor wanted it written in the first person.

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like to trade—

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INGLEWOOD

Cohen—Dot's a fine new baby I've got at my house.

Levy—Is he?

Cohen—No, Ikey.

I U H S

Treavor—I would like to be a soda jerker.

Ruth—Why?

Treavor—They lead such stirring lives.

I U H S

Small boy—Muscle Shoals!

Coach—There, there little fellow, why are you crying Muscle Shoals?

Small boy—That's the biggest dam(n) I know of.

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I U H S

The men who complain about the sheiks driving with one hand are the ones that used to wrap the lines around the whip socket.

I U H S

Evelyn Smith—I've got an idea.

Mary Wise—I'll bet it's a good one—beginner's luck.

I U H S

Mrs. Smith—The Indian prints came today.

Art Studio—Can he talk English?

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INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dwain T.—This is a patriotic pen.

Mr. Story—How come?

Dwain T.—It's gone dry, bone dry!

I U H S

1700—When in Rome do as the Romans do.

1927—When in Rome do as Mussolini does.

I U H S

It is said Sir Lancelot had two horses. If so, how many do you think Sir Galahad?

I U H S

Mary B—How many demerits have I?

Ruth—You have four for tardiness and four from misconduct.

Mary—I know Miss Jewell gave me some, but I don't even know Miss Conduct.

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H. Whitmore—How'd you come into this country?

Ron Smith—By air.

H. W.—Flying machine?

R. S.—No, stork.

I U H S

Ray—Isn't nature wonderful?

Bill—How's that?

Ray—She gives us our faces, but we can pick our own teeth.

I U H S

Mary Foster—It cost me five nickels to phone Earl last night.

Anyone—Rather expensive, isn't it?

M. F.—No, you see I got my quarter-back.

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Manhattan, Redondo, Los Angeles

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INGLEWOOD

Miss Lawrence—Only two of the cast are working right.
M. Quincey—Yes, ma'am, who is the other one?

I U H S

On the Church Bulletin: Today's Sermon: "On the Road to Hell." Everyone welcome.

I U H S

Joe Montell—How far off from the answer were you?
Nathan Dix—Only four seats.

I U H S

Customer—One shilling each for those eggs!
Grocer—Sure, that includes wear and tear on the hen.

PHONE 82W

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Passenger—How do you keep your soup down?
Earl Rees—I put glue in it.

I U H S

Calvin S.—What kind of a robber is a page?

Millie Y.—A what?

Calvin S.—It says here that two pages held up the bride's train.

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Dick—Dorothy, you sure are a good dancer.
Dorothy—Thanks; sorry I can't return the compliment.
Dick—You could if you lied like I did.

I U H S

Mother—You say you flunked in French? Why, I can't understand it.
Hopeful—I can't either. That's why I flunked.

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Traveler—Can I catch the San Diego train?

Station Agent—Yeh, if you can run fast enough; it left five minutes ago.

I U H S

A great discoverer
Was Silas Orleans;
He found some pork
In his pork and beans.

I U H S

Smitty—Whose Lincoln were you driving?

Orland A—Oh! That was only a Ford with whiskers on.

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Miss Preisker—You haven't learned much in this class, have you, Milton?
Milton Q.—I admire you for your broadmindedness in taking the blame, Miss Preisker.

I U H S

Red Holling—I can't shut my locker.

Coach—Take your shoes out.

I U H S

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that during the night his wife had passed away. He leaped out of bed and ran, horror-stricken, into the hall.

"Mary," he called to the servant, "come to the foot of the stairs at once!"

"Yes, yes," she cried, "what is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast."

I U H S

Madaline S.—I know a girl that plays the piano by ear.

Dick C.—'Snothing. I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers.

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Miss Smith—The picture of the horse is good, but where is the wagon?

Bud Smith—Oh, the horse will draw that.

I U H S

Clarence White (after second act)—I guess I'm getting better.

Howard B.—Why so?

Clarence—That last egg they threw was fresh.

I U H S

Mr. LyVere—What are the advantages of the turbine?

Student—It keeps the head warm.

I U H S

Mr. McGill—Doctor, don't you think I better go to a warmer climate?

Doctor—Yes, but I'm doing all I can to save you from it.

Sign Here Please

Harry Young #3
Cyde Cannelle

Remember me as a friend
in the Control Committee

Frieda King
20'21 C

You surely make a
good cop.

Elizabeth Mann 27

F. to Johanna
W'28

Carl Horton.

Kevin Hopkins

your friend

on duty - next

Hope we will
be friends always.
Charles Maguire #30

one hundred seventy-six

Walter;
The radio man,
maybe. The best
luck to you forever.
Cyril E. Peck.
EX 6A 5H

(John Henry)
Dick Miller 28

Melvin F. Elget 28

"Well it all depends"
such are the romantic
word of Walter in
English

Your friend
Gordon Boelger
W'29

Well Walter - Don't forget a
fellow control officer and his
unpleasant duties.
Eugene Shugart 28

Sign Here Please

Walt the future LeBox
Have all to you
Francis Procopio Frakes

Walt,

When you are married
and have twins
Come to my house
For safty-pins.
Everett Mac.

To a fellow yke chatter
Dwight Chase

Remember me to your

all yours
person present

Hello Walter

I hope you'll
remember your friend
in 1st yr. Latin
Bully Seesmyer.

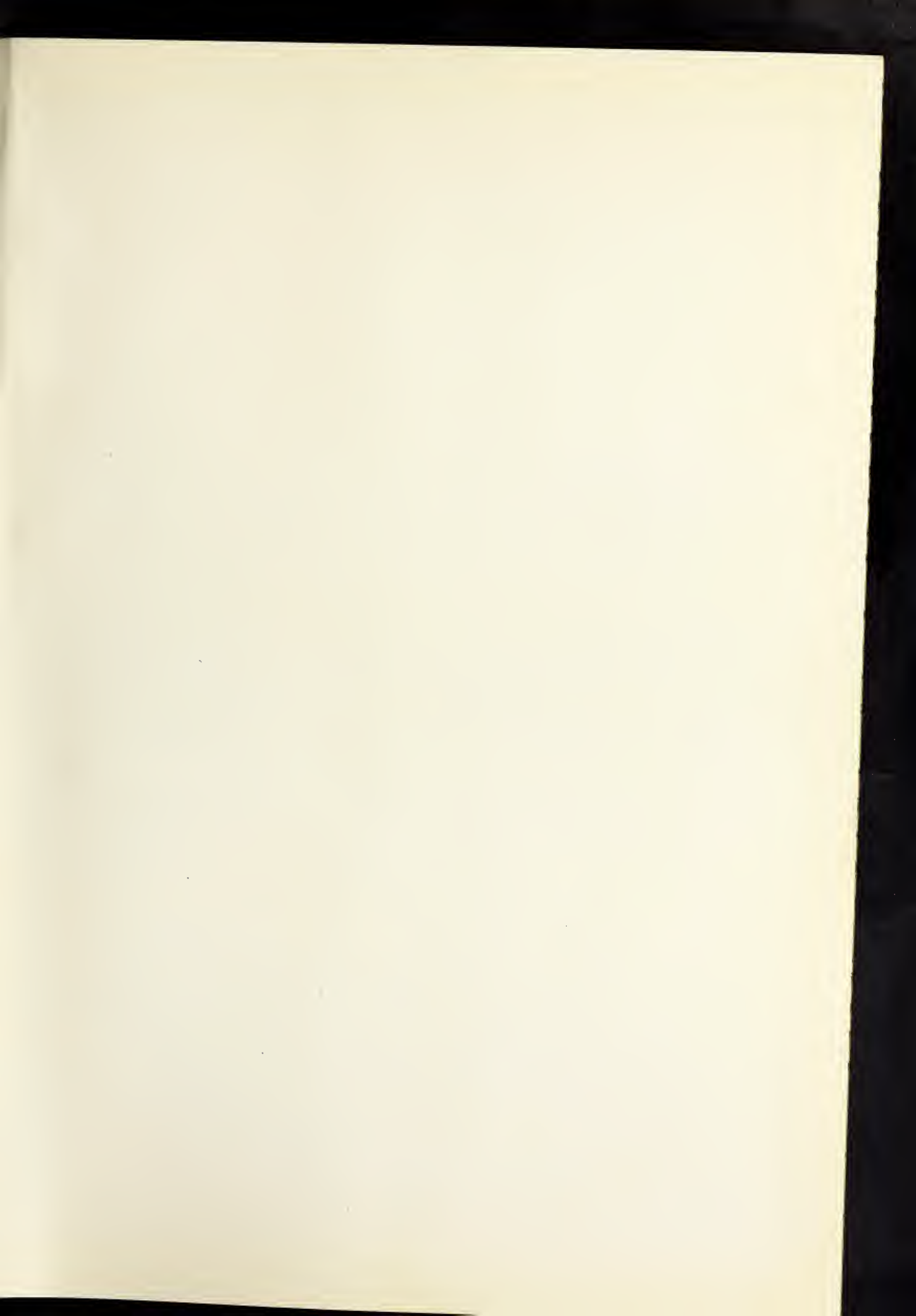
Sign Here Please

It will depend on
 what you do. It's whatever
 that's your life. It's whatever
 you make of it.
 Maichat Hall

To Walter the Hoover:
 when you are old and gray
 and you will say.
 remember the keeper was
 with you all day.

Well Wally here's
 hoping we become
 great friends
 Erny Lebrake

Wally
 Hello Walter
 when you are old
 and gray and look in the
 mirror remember when a
 girl who wrote to Dr.
 Monica football and
 with you in the old
 Chevrolet
 Albert Olson



Alfredus Smith
Smithy '29

no

41

Halter

no 2

Don Hooley

Dear Walter,
I am well, hope you are too.
I am writing you a letter with love
from your friends.
Your truly,
Betsy Parratt, with love

Remember me to
your friends

I hope you know your
friend
Betsy Parratt

Dear Walter:

Remember how good
I wasn't in Oral English?
Ethel "Tess" Keller.

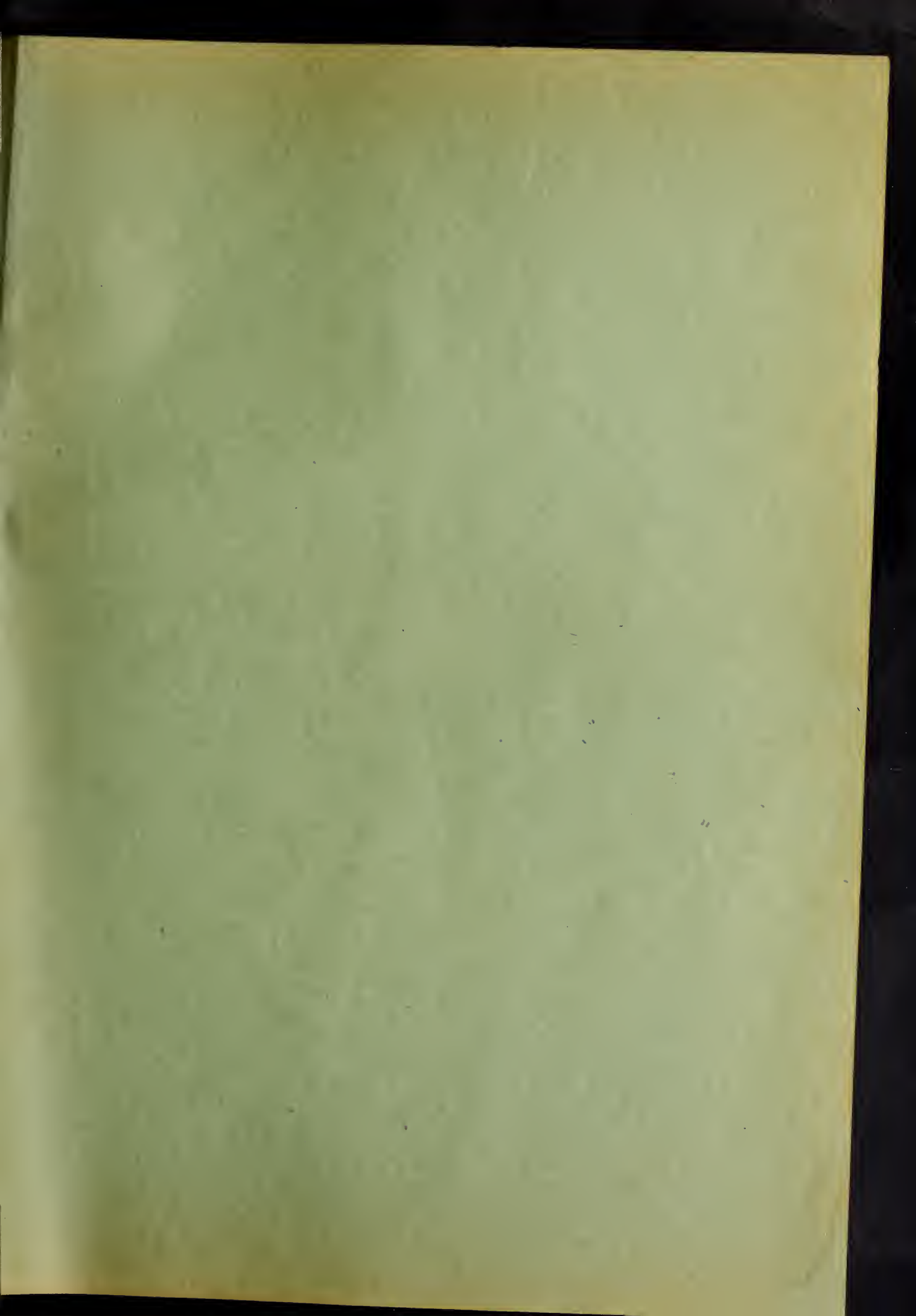
your friend
Halter

Remember me in Study
Your friend
"Connie" Halter

I hope you
pass the test on
and do a lot of
work.

pass
William
Livingston

pass
William
Livingston



My dear friend
I hope you are well
and happy. I am
very much
yours truly
Jack Brenner

Remember me
as a friend
Jack Brenner

To a friend in modern
times
O. W.

Eileen Jackson

now wishing you success
Louise Meyer '30

Remember the
girl who sat in
front of you in
Holt Hall.
Your friend,
Evelyn Keister

As we proceed through school and think of the
and say I'll be glad when I'm in the graduating
Class
Yet think when we graduate what are we
going to do
It is a mighty world we have to buck against
too
But all I can say while we now laugh
and jest
Is to wish you the future the happiest and
best.

Yours truly
Officer 41.

Dear Walter:

I haven't seen very much
of you this year but I hope
I am in more of your classes
next year.

Remember Oal English
Sincerely a friend
Eileen Munday
Blondy 191

